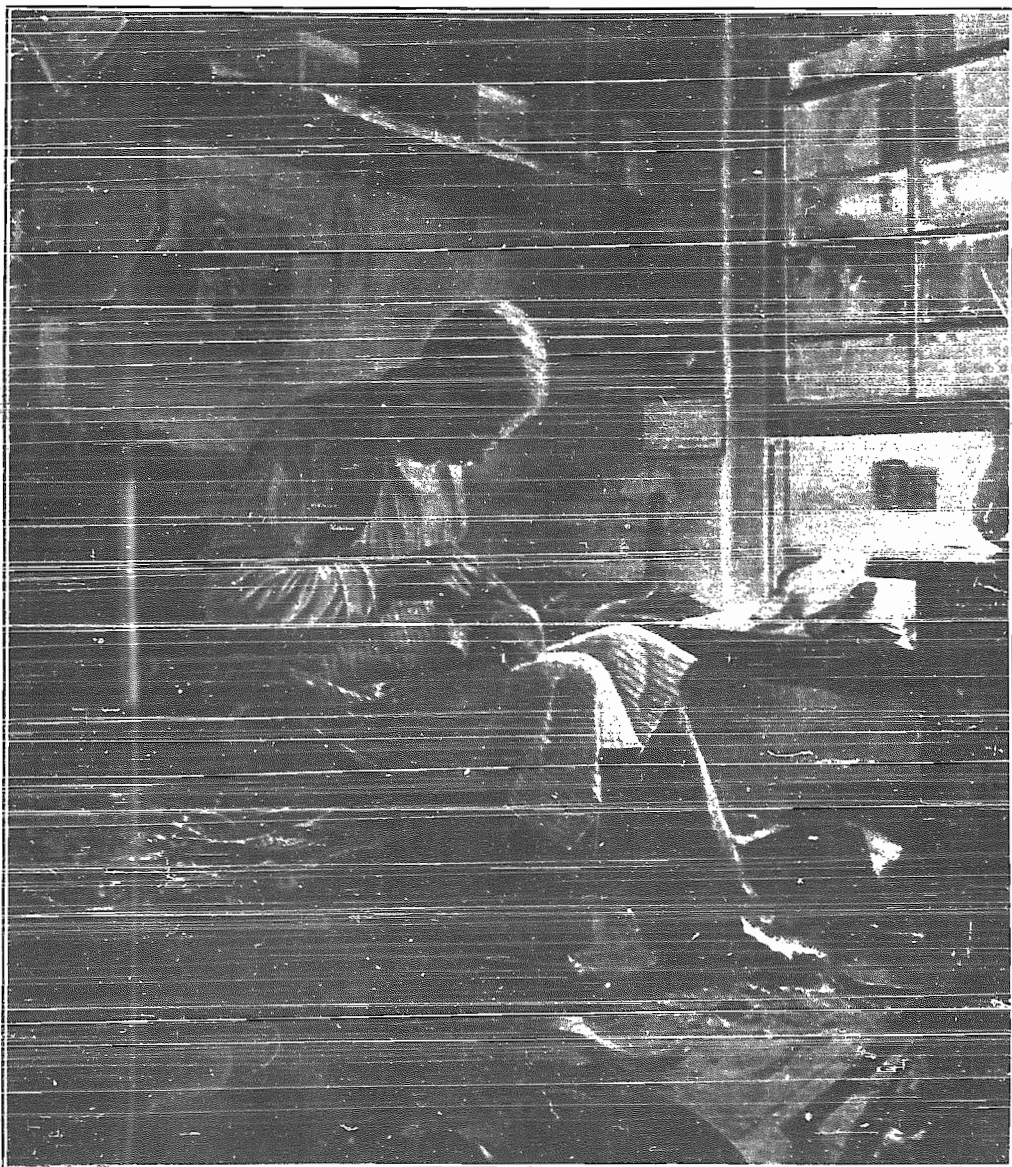


THE
WAR CRY
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE **SALVATION ARMY** IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

19th Year, No. 10. WILLIAM BOOTH General. TORONTO, DECEMBER 6, 1902. EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner. Price, 5 Cents.



NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

(See article on page 4.)

Our Greatest Sea-Traveling Commissioner.

An Interesting Chat on the Army's Position in Norway.

Commissioner William Ridsdell wins with ease this honor. The time it takes to reach his corps farthest north (which is within the mysterious Arctic Circle) is equal to a voyage to New York and back. Being cheaper and less risky to do the journey by sea, the Commissioner accordingly takes the sea route.

For the last two years and "three monas" (when he was appointed to the command of Norway) the vast proportion of his traveling has been by water, in all sorts of weather, from a blizzard to a dead calm, and he has not been once sea-sick! He is almost as much at home on the deck of an old west coaster as he is in a Salvation Army hut.

Tough, gritty, and of an age when great men renew the elastic step of youth, and know how to both economize time and talent, Commissioner Ridsdell may well qualify himself to be a Salvation Army Tom, the intrepid explorer, i.e., at any rate, believes, and works, and strives for progress. This is how he talked to us:—

"Yes, I think we have done something since June, 1904. The Corps and Societies of Norway since then have gone up from 121 to 144; the outcamps from 272 to 304; the Social agencies from 23 to 27—the latter including a Men's Shelter which will accommodate about one hundred."

"Which represents your answer, Commissioner, to a real need?"

"Just so. Frugal, enduring, hardy as they are, many Norwegians go under in the battle for food and shelter, or in the physical weakness, such as we had last winter, sends out the poorest of the poor, and drives them into our Shelters, Labor Yards, Cheap Food Depots, etc. Like our Life-boat 'Catherine Booth,' which roams up and down our rugged coasts, ever ready to lend a helping hand to the disabled and distressed, our Social work delivers many souls and strays from the waves of poverty, from the breakers of despair, and the Niagara of drunkenness and vice."

"And I have built a Rescue Home since I took charge, too," said the Commissioner, with evident satisfaction; "and if I can provide the right class of officer I shall multiply the number of similar ones ere long."

"A work which I believe will maintain its high reputation in Norway?"

"Yes, certainly; it cannot do otherwise, when you remember the standard of devotion the officers live up to."

"Will you give me just one such illustration?"

Devoted Officers.

"I could give you a bushel; but will this suffice? One of our Slum Sisters came across a father and his family at one time a decent fortune, but wasted it, and when found by our officer, the family was in a state of abject poverty. At the time away, the father was trying to get some work or help; but he was sick, and the children were without food. The man returned home ill, and it was soon manifest to the officer, who had supplied the necessities of life to the family, that he was in a state of great need, suffering from incurable cancer. The officers at once telegraphed to such friends as he had, and secured some aid from them. But the poor fellow grew worse and worse, and though evidently dying, was unable to get to bed. The officer saw her duty; it was to minister social comfort and spiritual light. She held on to this family, and in a short time had the joy of leaving the poor man to the Kingdom of God, as well as saving his dependents from death by starvation."

"But the officer's devotion did not end here. The body of the man was so frightfully swollen that the clothes had to be cut from it, and when the coffin arrived it was so large that it could not be taken up the staircase. Our brave little officer, however, volunteered assistance in taking the corpse into a yard adjoining the house, where she washed it and prepared it for its place in the coffin—thus acting

as deliverer, spiritual guide, and undertaker!"

"Thank God!"

Coffee Depots.

"And I say, Amen! But we are doing work almost equally useful with our Coffee Depots and Homes for factory girls. There is a distinct class of people come under our influence, or are introduced to us—which is the guarantee that we shall be of present and eternal good to them. The Home for factory girls at Stavanger is a success, and, as means arise, I shall open others. The Chief of the Staff is especially interested in this branch of our work, and another thing we have on hand."

"That's all?"

"The addition of a big Training Home in Christiania. It will occupy part of the premises and ground of our No. IV. corps in that city, and when completed there will be ample accommodation for forty cadets. It will increase our efficiency, and we must look to the future, as well as to the present."

"Any special reason, however?"

"Well, yes. Norway suffers by emigration. There, where men and women, mostly young, and healthy, and daring, left Norway last year, and that's a blow to a comparatively small nation like ours, and the spirit of emigration renders our task of getting hold of able officers for the future a difficult one."

"That one can understand; but what about the present?"

"Not to be beaten in the world, sir, for devotion and spirituality. In their work they are both useful and hard, and this, I may say, applies with as much force to the Staff. Our O. D.'s are bricks. They are nearly all of the Sallow order of being, and they require to be so. I assure you; for with storm, snow, and poverty in winter their problems and difficulties are not few."

"That reminds me—your Lifeboat; how is it appreciated?"

The S.A. Lifeboat.

"The 'Catherine Booth' Lifeboat is one of the institutions of Norway. She is a well-built craft, has weathered many a gale, and rescued several mariners and fishermen during the past year. Her crew only number four, and that is all Salvation Army men on shore they carry on the sailor business. They held 119 meetings, addressed 3,661 people, and saw 26 souls saved last year."

"How many ships did the Lifeboat actually assist last year?"

"Twenty-five."

"Good, and—"

"Bu I must go. Come over and see us."

"How is Mrs. Commissioner?"

"Well; but the language is rather a drawback to our speed in the war. Still, Mrs. R.—is, as you know, a woman who has always something on hand for the Kingdom, and we are waited for a winter of red-hot Christianity."

"And the Commissioner hurried off to dive into one of the book-rooms in the city of London, to see if he could pick some good old-fashioned literature—with Pentecostal heat in it. We hope he was successful."

Pointed Paragraphs.

Finish the race you have started, the prize is sure.

Are you anxious that your crown may be full of diamonds? Be a soul-winner.

If God reveals some secret sin, don't be afraid to confess it.

Do you call yourself holy, or do your next door neighbors say it?

You say you are going to heaven; are you going empty-handed?

Forgetting and forgiving are two different things. It is one thing to go round the mud-hole; it is another to fill it up.

OUR HISTORY CLASS.

III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XLIII.

FRANZ I. A.D. 1745-1765.

There was no difficulty made about electing Franz of Lorraine, the band of Maria Theresa, Emperor on the death of Karl VII. The new Elector of Bavaria made his peace by giving him his vote, and Friedrich II. of Prussia acknowledged him. Maria Theresa was henceforth called the Empress Queen. She loved her husband heartily, but she let him have no authority in her own hereditary dominions, which she ruled in her own right; and an Emperor had by this time hardly any power over the prince of Germany, and was little more than a name.

The war in Germany was over, but that with France still lasted, with England still as the ally of Austria; but France had now a greater general, Marshal Saxe, a half brother of the King of Saxony, and he gained so many advantages that Maria Theresa and George II. at length consented to make peace with Louis XV. at Aachen, or, as the French call it, Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748, and Europe had rest for eight years.

Meantime Friedrich II. was hard at work improving his country as well as his army, causing great works to be done in husbandry and manufactures, and making Prussia to be one of the foremost and most prosperous kingdoms in Europe, for he was a wonderfully clear and far-sighted man. Unhappily, the rude, harsh way in which his father had tried to force religion on him had made him dislike it, which made him think all piety folly. These were the days when the French were writing books full of sneers at all faith; and Friedrich, who despised everything German and admired everything French, never rested till he had brought the greatest unbeliever of them all, Voltaire, the witty writer of poetry, to his court at Potsdam. The guest was received with rapture, and Friedrich thought him too good for him, but the King and the poet were equally vain; Voltaire thought he could meddle with state affairs, and Friedrich fancied himself able to write poetry. They laughed at each other in private, and people carried the saying of one to the other. Voltaire exclaimed, when Friedrich sent him some verses to correct, 'Here is more of his dirty linen to wash,' and Friedrich was reported to have said the only words Voltaire could squeeze out of him, 'I will wash it in orange and throw away the rind. Moreover, Voltaire gave himself great airs to the King's suite. Once at dinner he called a noble young page who was waiting a Pomeranian beast. With this young Frenchman, who attended the Frenchman on a journey, he told the crowd that the little, thin, dry figure grinning and chattering in the carriage was the King's monkey; so when Voltaire tried to open the door the crowd closed round him, and the more he raged the more monkey-like they thought him.

The two friends soon quarreled desperately, and Voltaire left Berlin in a passion, but was pursued by arrested because he had a poem of the King's in his boxes. However, he was soon set free, and afterward they made up their quarrel, though without meeting.

Maria Theresa's heart was set on getting back Silesia, and most of the powers of Europe distrusted the King of Prussia. So she and her minister, Count Kaunitz, began to form alliances against Friedrich. On his side he had made friends with England, and agreed with Louis XV., the Emperor Elizabeth of Russia, and the King of Saxony and Poland to tame the pride of the House of Brandenburg.

(To be continued.)

Don't be afraid to shout, someone may be going to sleep.

Equipment for Service.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.
(Continued.)

3rd. Give confidence in ourselves.

It is often fear that cripples the usefulness of God's children. What glorious opportunities are unavalued by the soldier of the cross oftentimes through timidity! The difference between Jeremiah and Paul was that Jeremiah was fearful and Paul was brave with the conscious power of the Spirit. When God desired to send Jeremiah with a message to His people, he answered, "I am a child." Paul tells us humbly, "I can do all things." Why? Paul was baptized with the Holy Ghost. It is not confidence in personal ability or education, though the more richly endowed in this respect, the more efficient and useful God's servants may be. Paul was educated, clever, and eloquent, but he does not give that as the reason of his confidence.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

The Holy Spirit bestows this courage. He will so consume those who possess His fellowship with a sacred fire, that the salvation of others that they will forget themselves and their own natural reserves in their desire to be a channel of blessing to others. The sainted Mrs. Booth is an example of this. Rising, her husband was pastor, at the dictation of the Spirit, she poured out burning, searching truths upon the congregation assembled. This act of obedience on her part meant the opening of a door of usefulness to thousands who were in the crowd, occupying important positions upon the platform of the Salvation Army throughout the world.

4th. Confidence in humanity.

Prof. G. Herriot says: "The reason why Christians are so faithless for men was because He saw the Divinity in them." So shall we, under the illumination of the Holy Spirit, see below the unpromising exterior, the soul for which Christ died; depraved and marred by sin, it is true, but an immortal soul in which there is a perfect redemption. Unless we have limitless faith for the salvation of men through Jesus, unless we believe His atonement is the world's remedy, His blood is shed in vain, and we fail in achieving the success which is our birthright as redeemed, converted men and women in Christ Jesus—"Ye shall be witnesses."

Some time ago, while in New York attending the Ecumenical Conference of the Foreign Missions, I had the privilege of hearing the venerable, silver-haired Dr. Paton tell the wonderful story of his mission work in the New Hebrides. Over forty years ago he went to those South Sea Islands and played the standard of the cross among the cannibal tribes there, the pioneer of what has since proved a marvelous mission. As he told incident after incident of the changing of the hearts of these savage people by the love of Christ, many were moved to tears. But the climax was reached when, laying his trembling hand upon the Bible, he exclaimed, "What else could I have wrought such a change in the hearts of these people as the love of the Lord Jesus Christ." Oh, for the unswerving confidence in the transforming power of God for the human race. This confidence in service makes its own power. It is the power that goes to the slums, the prisons, to the infirmities, the criminal, with the good old story of deliverance for all men through Christ.

The Hindrances.

Frequently we meet with excuses as to the hindrances met by those who desire to enjoy this blessing. Some have said that refinement and education are hindrances to the receipt of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. F. B. Meyer and a thousand other saintly voices cry, "What a blind mistake!" I have myself seen the lady of the purest culture kneel beside the coarsest of men, and receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Others object, "My brilliant, educated mind precludes me

from knowing simply and accepting experimentally this mystery of the Spirit." Another mistake. Charles Finney was a giant intellectually, and few preachers of modern times have more fully possessed the power used by the Holy Spirit, than he. Others tell us, "This gift is only for the brilliant and clever." No, no! a thousand times no! God has no spiritual aristocracy.

Have not those who have labored as officers in the Salvation Army, and other missions, seen the poor victim of inebriety saved and endowed with such power that, though he could not put together three sentences grammatically or consecutively, he could speak words that burned like living coals into the hearts of his hearers, the truths of redemption's great purpose? In fact, reverting to my own personal experience, it was the simple testimony of a young inexperienced girl, who herself enjoyed this gift, that opened my eyes as by a flash of divine electricity to the truth of the doctrine and the possibility of enjoying this indwelling power.

The Conditions.

Have you, dear reader, received this anointing? One of the marks of your innermost consciousness is there a hungering and thirsting after the "higher life" of blessed, useful service? Have you been disappointed by the failure of your Christian life? Have your efforts to help others been futile? Do you feel that your life is below the standard set up in the Bible? If so, there is a reason; is it not found in this—that you have never received this unctioining grace?

What are the conditions? Absolute and complete surrender of all to God. If you have talents, consecrate them to Him. If money, strength, influence, bring them all to the altar of sacrifice. This is the condition. When we first meet Barnabas he is laying all at the apostles' feet, there to receive his commission, for service. If you follow his example and make this surrender of yourself, your life will be "good, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," your words will be powerful and spiritual riches beyond will be your portion.

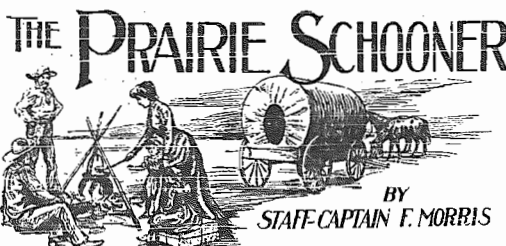
"At length, surrendered to Thy call. I scarcely knew what I had gave; I cannot now know what I have gained. But I have Christ, and He is ALL."

SALVATION ARMY STREET CLEANING.

A new service has been found by the Salvation Army. An exchange informs us that out in the Western States it is engaged in street cleaning. "Besides cleaning the streets morally to some extent, the Army in several Western cities has taken up plain street cleaning, and not only does it well, but makes a profit out of it. Mayor Hugo, of Duluth, made a formal proposal to the Army that it should undertake the whole work of keeping the city clean, using the unemployed to do the work, and taking its profit out of the sale of rags, paper and street sweepings. The proposal will probably be accepted. In Chicago the Army has been collecting the city's rags, waste paper and junk for some time. Last year the warzone of the Chicago branch gathered up 750 tons of paper, 50,000 pounds of rags and 5,000 pounds of string, and sold the lot for a good price. Many homeless waifs are employed in this work, and, while coming under the influence of the Army, thus get a chance to earn their food and lodging."—Huron Examiner, Oct. 31.

POWERFUL PREACHING.

The late Dr. Dashiell was fond of telling the following story on himself: Preaching on one occasion at his old home, an old colored man who had taken care of him when he was a child was delighted with the sermon. At the close of the service he shook the doctor warmly by the hand, and said: "Larry, you's a good preacher. I tell you, you's a soundin' brass and tinklin' cymbal." Or, the same sort was the colored woman's compliment to the cultured and affable Bishop Galloway. She said: "Brother Galloway always do preach a powerful good text."



BY
STAFF-CAPTAIN F. MORRIS

CHAPTER XIV. AN ARMY OPEN-AIR.

E— was only a little Army Corps, and the officers seldom marched out with more than a dozen soldiers, oftentimes less. On special occasions they were known to muster as many as twenty-five, but this was a very extraordinary occurrence. In speaking to the Captain, he described the faithful wife who helped him lift high the blood-stained banner as being as near perfection as he had seen the creatures of this earth. They were, on the whole, men and women of heart and brain, who could well give a reason of the hope they found within them to the crowds who would flock in great numbers around the open-air ring night after night. But the fighting was hard, and taking the saying as true that it is not easy to win sinners to Christ anywhere, it did certainly seem to be doubly hard to get anyone saved in E—. But one decided advantage was that there were few backsliders, still less hypocrites, and though some of the Jewish that were mixed required hard digging out of the mire of sin, they were well worth the effort.

It thus came about on an October evening, while the group of devoted Salvationists were conducting an open-air in front of a notorious saloon, that Jim heard some sweet singing, and, being fond of music, stopped to listen. A young woman in a Salvation Army bonnet sang out clearly on the night air:

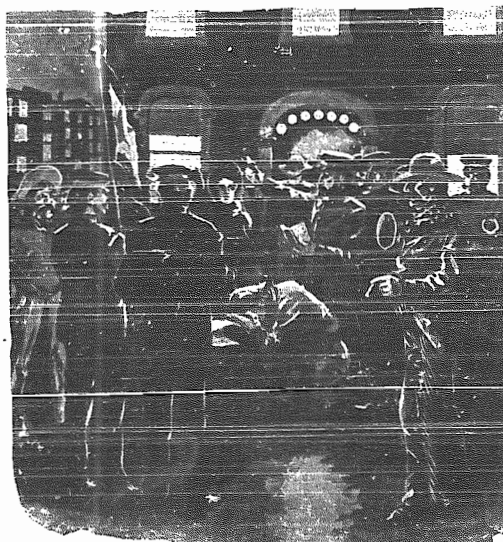
Afar from Heaven thy feet have wandered,
After from God thy soul has strayed;
His gifts in sin thy hand has squandered,
Yet still in love He calls thee home.

Jim drank in those words as thirstily as the scorched sands of a desert might drink in a shower of rain. Ah! he thought to himself, that's me! Could anyone be farther away from God than I? The chorus, taken up heartily by that little band of the blood-washed, made a still greater impression upon his heart. The tune was delightful, but the words could be distinctly heard, and the notes seemed to come from the very souls of the singers:

"God is near thee, tell thy story,
He will hear thy tale of sorrow;
God is near thee, and in mercy
He will welcome thy return."

The chorus was sung over several times, and at its conclusion two large bears glared their way down the face of Jim, and he wished he knew how to tell out the sorrow of his sin-polluted heart.

The watchful eye of the Lieutenant had noticed this anxious and tear-stained face, and in a moment was by his side, pointing him to Calvary. Jim did not need much persuading; the singing had touched him, and he was too willing to get rid of the awful burden which hung upon his soul. Clumsily he walked to the centre of the ring and knelt at the drumhead, crying, in the same repentant spirit as did the publican of old, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!" Jim had no long prayers to offer, but what he did say to God came from his heart, and we have no reason to say that his cry for deliverance was not heard. Let us stop and picture this scene before our eyes for a moment. Amid the blaze of light of a score of taverns running together in one straight line, a sea of humanity thronging the sidewalks and a dense crowd around the open-air ring, this soul, unheeding the din of the multitude and the sounds of music floating through the saloon doors, found Christ as surely as if he had knelt before the altar in some large cathedral.



"Amid the blaze of light of a score of taverns . . . his soul found Christ."

CHAPTER XV.—(Conclusion.)

If this was the only case that had been won to a path of purity and happiness through the Salvation Army in that Western city, could you say that its efforts were in vain? And yet it is only one case out of the many that have been brought in the fold of Christ by the members of the Salvation Army, following the commands of the Master by going out into the highways and hedges and compelling sinners to come in.

(The End.)

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

(Reprinted by request.)

Is it nothing to you—
All ye that pass by—
Is it nothing to you
That the drunkard should die?
Is it nothing to you
That his struggles are vain?
That daily the tempter
Adds strength to his chain?
Is it nothing to you
That the heart of his wife
Is broken by sorrow
And harshness and strife?
Is it nothing to you
That his children lack bread?
Is it nothing to you
That his home joys are fled?
Is it nothing to you
That the death-dealing howl
Is destroying his body.
His mind and his soul?
Is it nothing to you
That the young of our land
Are surrounded by dangers
On every hand?
Is it something to you;
For I thought that you know
Your boy may be next—
To succumb to the foe.
'Tis something to you,
For you know not the hour
When one whom you love
May fall 'neath the power
Of the serpent that coils
In the depths of the bowl.
Soon, soon to be crushed
In its hideous fold,
Then up and be doing,
Lead deeply you rue
That ever you thought
It was nothing to you.

Bermuda Benedicts.

One of the interesting affairs that everyone likes to attend and take part in took place in the Hamilton barracks on Thursday, Oct. 30th, when our worthy Secretary, Bro. Sidney Scarsen and ex-Capt. Florence Smith, of the United States, were united in matrimony under the good old Army colors. A good crowd had come along to see our comrades join the order of benedicts and wish them God-speed on the new pathway. After a lively testimony meeting, the bride and groom entered, amid evident signs of good feeling and hilarity. Sergt. Major and Mrs. Smith sang a nuptial song, followed by a few speeches, and then a solo, "Through the beautiful gates and golden," by Capt. Prince, the best man.

Adj. Hunter, whom we were all glad to see, and who seems to be feeling quite a bit better, read the twenty-third Psalm, after which Adj. Crichison, the D. O., read the Army Articles of Marriage, and the couple stood forward, faced by Dr. Burrows, the Presbyterian minister. The covenant having been entered into to the satisfaction of all concerned, the ring was, after a struggle, affixed in the proper place and the salute given, and Florence Smith became Mrs. Scarsen. After a few words by the Secretary and his newly-acquired wife and the signing of registers—a trying process—the good-natured wedding crowd dispersed until the next special effort in this direction, which rumors say will not be long.—C. Stone, R.C.

THE GODDIERS SECTION

Daily Readings

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Thou hast been SUNDAY. faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—Matt. xxv. 21. Let us imagine that the end of the world has come. The dead in Christ have risen from their graves. See this one in whom the Saviour is glorified in the day of His appearing! From his earliest years he has been kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. The Spirit of God has led him, and he has been kept from falling away from his own and his fathers' God. In the day of weakness he made the Lord his strength, in the hour of danger he trusted in the Lord's protection. Not ashamed to confess Him before men, he took of friends and the ridicule of foes he followed the footsteps of his Saviour. He fought the good fight, and now is to have the reward. His Master's voice says, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Henceforth there is for him the crown of righteousness, the joy of the redeemed, the company of the saints. He overcame on earth by the blood of the Lamb, and is in the midst of the throne, shall lead him, and God shall wipe away all tears from his eyes.

The Lord saith, "For them that honor me, I will honor." MONDAY. —Sam. 13. 30. Ariabarus, one of the military officers of the Athenians, was applied to by a certain great man who desired an audience of the king. He was told that before it was granted he must prostrate himself before him. It was the custom of the country for the king to admit no one to his presence who would not fall down and worship him. That which was an arrogant assumption in an earthly king is a proper condition of our approach to the King of Kings. We must first bow before Him, for until we do so we cannot expect to receive anything from Him.

"Yes, a man may say, thou hast faith and I have works." TUESDAY. show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works."—James xi. 18. At a recent Sunday night's meeting of a certain corps, a young woman stood outside the open door. She was much interested in what she saw and heard, so she followed the procession to the barracks to learn more of the Army, which she had called her "Army," but little. She went again and again to the barracks, and was soon under deep conviction.

One night, after a desperate struggle, she surrendered her all to Christ. Being that God called her to work for Him, she began by reading her Bible with her fellow-servants; and so much was this effort blessed that on the following Sunday one of her fellow-servants voluntarily drew to the meeting and, to the surprise of her friend, publicly testified that the Bible readings referred to had been the means of her conversion. Our sister has since been sworn in as a soldier of the local Corps, and is now a blood-and-fire Salvationist.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high WEDNESDAY. calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Phil. iii. 14. There is an old story of a fisherman who habitually drove to the meeting and, to the surprise of her friend, publicly testified that the Bible readings referred to had been the means of her conversion. Our sister has since been sworn in as a soldier of the local Corps, and is now a blood-and-fire Salvationist.

guide him, not even a beacon light, and the channel was intricate. When the fishermen had taken a drop too much and night had fallen it was dangerous work entering the cove.

His little son used to watch for his father's coming, and as soon as he saw him he would run down to the point and cry out: "Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home." The boy died, and one evening the father was sitting at his lonely fire-side. His conscience troubled him, for he had been thinking over the sins of his life. As the night settled down he thought he heard the voice of his boy ring out through the darkness: "Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home."

Springing to his feet, he called out: "You're right this time, my son." From that moment he was a changed man; he gave his heart to God and served Him until he was taken to heaven to join his little son. Let us, as soldiers, steer straight for heaven, not turning either to the right or the left.

"Let him know that he which converteth the sinner from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—James v. 20. I can imagine a selfish Christian entering yonder gates. He is met and asked, "Where are your dear ones?" "Where are your friends?" "Where are the lost you have found and brought to the Saviour's feet?" "Where are the stars for your crown?" "Alas!" he would answer, "I am saved alone." God help us not only to save ourselves, but others also.

"That the trial of your faith, being more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might bring unto praise and honor and

glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."—1 Peter, i. 7.

A Roman emperor seized a Christian because of his faith. Someone came to him and asked:

"What do you intend doing with him?"

"I do not know yet," replied the emperor, "I have thought of banishing him."

"You can do that, but it does not make any difference to him; whereas he is, he considers himself as a pilgrim and a stranger."

"I have thought also of keeping him in prison."

"You can never imprison his spirit; it is always free."

"I may take away his possessions."

"Oh, he will reckon it a joy to be robbed of his possessions for Jesus' sake."

"I have also thought of taking his life from him."

(Lively)—"Oh, whatever you do, don't do that, for you would send him where he has long been desiring to go—the Jesus! There is only one thing which, if you could succeed, would be a punishment—if you could induce him to sin."

"To Me belongeth vengeance and recompense."—Deut. xxxii. 35.

SATURDAY. xxxii. 35. Salvation Army soldiers were holding an open-air near a saloon in the United States, when a saloon keeper and son rushed out while the Captain was on his knees praying, brutally kicking him, so that he lay ill for weeks. Friends wished to take out a summons, but the Captain refused to prosecute, preferring to leave the matter in the hands of God. Within two months both father and son were dead and the saloon closed. It is dangerous to trifle with God's mercy—worse still to fight against Him.

Evolution of the Salvation Army

CANADA.—(Continued.)

Surely it is not difficult for you to trace in this commencement the hand of God. Who but a God-inspired man, filled with the same Spirit as his Master, would ever think of commencing salvation work in this fashion? and who but a man continually inspired and led on by that Spirit, would in spite of every opposing force have so tenaciously held on during these thirty-seven years, undiluted thousands, nay, tens of thousands, imbued with the same Spirit, have gone for him on the same lines until now the Army, by the power of God, has well-nigh circled the earth?

It would take the pen of an angel to describe what the sufferings, even in fair Canada, have been through it all, and that angel, while writing, might even dip his pen in the blood that has been spilt by our faithful and while they have been going forth on this God-directed mission. As for myself, I am at a loss to describe it.

Yet they boldly went forth braving

every difficulty, combating every insult and with love speaking to those who did their utmost to annoy. Many a time, when these salvation apostles were interrupted, spit upon and beaten, the persecutors were met with a loving "God bless you, we shall pray for you," and often those words pierced the soul of the persecutor, who ever after became a warm friend, and eventually became converted, and one of the best and happiest soldiers, and in turn stood his share of persecution that came to the lot especially of early Salvationists.

You may ask, "How were they able to stand to be ill-used and persecuted in this way?" Every true soldier counts the cost before he starts for the battle. He knows full well what he may expect, he is quite confident if he lifts up a bold standard against sin, the devil will attack him, but with confidence in his God, on he goes, tramp, tramp, through the thorns, lanes, alleys, and slums, crying out the glad tidings of salvation night after night, braving the

Storms of Abuse and Criticism

which are heaped upon him on every hand in order that he may help save those who are in the same terrible condition he was in not long ago. He has been reaped. He knows the value of it, and constrained by the love of his Lord, away he goes seeking others, and does he find them? Yes, by the score; they hear his message, they know the change made in him, they believe what he says, enquire for themselves, and very soon after the enquiry find their way into the fold and are accepted of our beloved.

How can we help but rejoice for what God has accomplished? Has He not kept the General on these lines and let him out to do more desperate things still for His glory? And is He not continually showing us that He approves of our work by saving hundreds of men and women of the very vilest class, and are they not with us to this day fighting in our ranks and helping us save others? Yes, thank God, by hundreds—yes, by thousands. And still, after all this, there are those who would stop us in our work, who would have us curtailed, or, as they say, be a little moderate, do things decently and in order, which often whatever our boots are, they are. But it is really marvellous how well the people have come to understand the Salvation Army, especially on this continent. Severe criticism is almost a thing of the past. During the winter of the General's visit to Canada not one unfavorable report of himself or his meetings has appeared in the press. The Army is better understood, but it was not always so, and our present position in this respect is a cause for loud thanksgiving to God.

There are some sportsmen who can afford to use powder and shot and see nothing in return for it; but here is a poor man, his wife and children are hungry, he is hungry himself, his first business is to find out where the game is, and then, with all care, he takes his aim, brings down the game and takes it home to satisfy hunger. Whatever the position of those who find fault, one thing is sure concerning the Salvation Army, we are filled with an intense longing for souls, even as the poor man referred to longed for food, and nothing short of satisfying them out of the fire will satisfy. First, we must go where the poor dying lost ones are, and find them out, visit their haunts, and then, with Gospel powder and shot, take them, bring them down at the foot of our camp, so that we can rejoice together over the dead being brought to life and the lost found.

The General's story of the recommendation he received from a young acquaintance as to the delicate state of his health, to settle down in a quiet spot where he could find some "good shooting and good fishing," and how he had found a place where both were to be found, brought forcibly to our hearts the vast opportunities for good there are in the ranks of the Salvation Army. It was certainly an illustration of the opportunities within the grasp of the Salvation Army on this line, which we appreciate.

There need be no wonder at our street preaching and parades, when you remember

The Salvation Army Was Born in the Open Air.

Aye, and thousands of our leaders and soldiers first began in the open air, to think about their souls and salvation. So you see, when we go, it is like visiting one's birthplace, and what man, if he is a good man and has done nothing to disgrace himself, does not like to visit the place of his birth?

"Despite the talk of money and methods, there is really but one direct way of propagating the Gospel, and that is by personal influence of souls saved."



A Salvation Army School in India for Famine Children.



The General's Letters

TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.



PRAYER.

NO. 5.—WHY PRAY?—(Continued.)

My Dear Comrades,—

I did not say my last word last week in answer to the question, "Why Should I Pray?" Let me resume my words to you on the subject at the point where we broke off, which, you will remember, was when showing you that God had been pleased to make prayer a means by which He bestows blessings on His people, and that it was not for us to object, much less to rebel, against His arrangement, but cheerfully and gratefully to obey.

But a little thought will enable us to discover other reasons why God has made prayer a means by which we can get the help He sees we need, and He can impart the assistance He desires to give.

1. Prayer is useful because calculated to impress the soul with a sense of its own dependence on God.

One of the dangers to which we are constantly exposed in this life is that of forgetting God; that is, of living, and working, and even going through a form of religious work, as though there is no God.

Now, one of the first things prayer does is to make us realize the actual existence of God, and to feel our dependence on Him. That realization is a great help and blessing in our lives.

2. Then, prayer is favorable to the exercise of all those duties which have to do with our own peace and holiness and the salvation of those around us.

When a Soldier prays that God will keep him safe and supply his needs, and save his family, and make him successful in winning souls, the questions must come up in his heart: "Am I doing what I can to bring

these things about? Am I resisting temptation, living consistently, and doing all I can for those I desire to be saved?" And as it must be a good thing to be urged forward in the discharge of such duties, it must be a good thing to pray.

3. Again, prayer is calculated to lead us to value at their true worth the blessings prayed for when they are received. It must be a reasonable thing that we should set some store by the blessings He gives us. That which costs us nothing is often little prized; but when we have had a hard struggle, or paid a heavy price for a thing, we are likely to set some store by it, and to make the best use we can of it. Does not this rule apply to prayer?

4. Prayer promotes a sense of gratitude in the soul for the blessings received. What we have earnestly sought for with great desire and persevering faith we are very likely to feel truly thankful to God for giving us when we receive it; and grateful people are generally happy people.

5. By prayer we have a share in the reward that comes through God working by us.

6. God has ordained that we shall pray, because prayer affords the most convenient opportunity, and is the easiest method of communion with Himself. He wants to come into the closest association with His people. He finds pleasure in fellowship with holy men and women. He has always been striving to meet with man from the days of Adam, Enoch, Abraham and Moses. The Lord Jesus Christ manifested the same desire when He was here on the earth. Genuine prayer includes all the elements of this communion, or, as we sometimes call it, "fellowship" with God.

Communion with God is precious. You can never find out how really

valuable it is till you experience it for yourself.

It is useful. Nothing so quickly sharpens men's minds, and cultivates their powers of heart and will, as fellowship with God. It does for a man what the sun does for the corn.

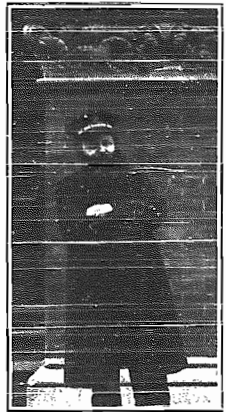
It is delightful. There is no happiness greater than being in the company of those we most love, and it is just so with God; if we love Him, communion with Him will be delightful to us.

To commune with Nature, with all her wonders of flowers, trees, mountains, rivers and seas; with her living creatures, the beautiful animals that roam over the earth, the sweet singing birds that fill the air with their praise—that is a great delight.

To commune with men, of mind and thought, who have searched out the mysteries of things; to commune with holy men, men who are like God, who live the life of humble prayer and faith; to commune with useful men—men who have done something to benefit their fellows, to make the world better and happier, that is a wonderful privilege; but in prayer we commune with the great God; we talk to Him, we think about Him, we feel with Him, we sympathize with Him, and rejoice in Him who is Nature's King and the great Maker of men.

Prayer is the easiest form of communion. It is possible to all men at all times; the doors of His temple are ever open; His eyes are ever looking for us to draw near, and His ear is ever open to our cry.

7. Prayer is appropriate to all seasons and all places. I remember hearing, many years ago, of a young chimney-sweep who got converted, but who had an infidel master who would not let him bring his religion into the house, and contrived to prevent his having any place in which to pray. Those were the days in which the sweeps were obliged to climb up the chimneys in order to sweep them, and at last the dear lad found his place



Colonel Lawley,

Whose smile our sub. caught in the Editorial Camera. The Colonel is standing outside the main entrance of the Temple, Toronto.

of prayer when he climbed up through the big chimney pots. His master could not reach him up there, and there was nothing between him and God's blue sky.

Well, you may not have to go up the chimney to pray, but remember that in any place you can pray, cry to God, and He will hear.

8. And it is one of the most beautiful things about prayer that it is good and proper under all circumstances. Indeed, the Saviour said, "Men ought always to pray," and Paul told us to "pray without ceasing."

In health, never neglect to pray. In sickness, prayer will be a consolation; it is a strength in suffering, a joy in pain.

When dying, prayer will bring the angels of God to your chamber, sustain and comfort those you leave behind, help you to triumph in the cold waters of Jordan, and bring you, in joy, to see your Heavenly Father's face at last.



Cadets of the Second Session of the Central Territorial Training Home.



The General at Minneapolis.

Multitudes Flock to Hear Our Veteran Leader — Meetings Immensely Appreciated—Seventy-nine Souls Sought and Found Christ.

(By Wire.)

Marvelous were the multitudes that flocked to hear our honored General in Minneapolis yesterday (Sunday).

The massive Swedish Tabernacle, with its 2,700 seats, could not contain by thousands the people who sought, and almost fought, for admission through its wide portals at each meeting. Indeed, at night the house was gorged long before the time for commencement.

The multitudes were simply tremendous, and so anxious were they to get, if possible, only a sight of the man who had captured the attention of the American press and people, that it was with the greatest difficulty that we kept the concourse under control. As for the General, he was equal to the task, and from morning until night his soul poured out Divine eloquence upon the masses. The prayer meetings were times of severe struggle, but the "will-not-let-Thee-go spirit" prevailed, and seventy-nine were pulled out of the fire.

The Consul and Staff, with officers and soldiers, worked heroically and have their reward. Glad to say the General is fairly well, and in this respect your faith is honored, your prayers are answered, and God glorified. Colonel Lewis.

New Barracks at the Soo.

(By Wire.)

The services in connection with the opening of the barracks were successfully conducted by Brigadier Pickering. Good crowds were present. The income was eighty dollars. Brigadier was listened to with great interest. Four at the mercy seat; new converts were on the march and fishing in the lower meetings. Great conviction and splendid prospects for the future of the corps. Adj. Sims ably assisted. Our faces are set to go forward and win for Jesus.—Froggie.

especially put up according to the needs of each case.

Last year Toronto's citizens helped freely and willingly. We have no doubt that our friends will readily respond again by such donations in cash or kind as their purse or store will permit. They may rest assured that their gifts will be economically used in bringing sunshine and blessing into dark homes and sad hearts on the anniversary of that day on which the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men."

COMING!

COMING!

The Christmas War Cry!

As Big as Ever! 36 Pages! Full of a Great Variety of Interesting Reading! Well Illustrated! A Fine Supplement, Bigger than any Given in Former Years.

A BEAUTY IN EVERY SENSE.

10 CENTS.

Temple Campaign.

120 Souls for Pardon and Purity—Great Enrolment of Thirty-Five Recruits on Monday Night.

(Special.)

To say that our campaign has been a success is putting it mildly, as the following figures will show, if figures are any criterion:

Open-Air Attendance	1,013
Inside Attendance	4,290
Enrolled as Recruits	35
Finances	\$150.00

The Chief Secretary's meetings on Sunday and Monday were marvelous for power and results, with forty-eight surrenders. The Colonel's address was one of the most convincing character and were delivered in real blood-and-fire style.

Major Stanton and the Cadets rendered excellent service, as did also the Liegar St. band on Monday night.

The enrolment was a sight, as the long row of converts stood under the flag. Major Burdick and Capt. Urquhart proceed to Chatham and Windsor, while your humble servant's next battleground will be Winnipeg.—J. S. Pugmire.

Lieut.-Col. Sharp in Cape Breton.

(By Wire.)

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp's tour through Cape Breton has proved a huge success. Crowded buildings, grand cases of conversion, and finances "way up," was the order of the day. The Sydney weekend especially was a brilliant success—full house and five souls for ward. Monday, at Glace Bay, a baldeish wedding packed the house to suffocation. Tuesday, at Dominion, we had a grand salvation meeting and seven souls. Wednesday, at Whitney Pier, a warm welcome was given to the Lieut.-Colonel by a packed house, and one soul found salvation. Thursday, at Sydney Mines, we had a real good time and two souls sought Christ.—Staff-Capt. McLean.

NONE BIGGER!

If you remove from the ten-cent magazines which flood our stores all advertisements, and if you fold up our Christmas War Cry in as small a size as the page of a magazine, you will find that the Christmas War Cry contains more reading matter, besides giving a splendid supplement free, and costs no more.

TERRITORIAL NEWSLETS.

The Commissioner left Toronto on the midnight train, Saturday, to meet the General in the far West, as full of spirit as ever for the salvation of the Territory. We caught a glimpse of her unusually thin face in the Union Depot which made itself evident that the pressure of work or late had not improved her physical condition. Yet it is remarkable the amount of vitality the Commissioner possesses, and we behold her oftentimes in sheer astonishment. Our comrades will continue to pray that the sustaining hand of God will remain upon our victorious Commissioner.

The Canadian Christmas Young Soldier will be printed in two colors, will be twice the usual size, on good paper, and sold at the usual price of one cent. It deserves a largely increased sale.

During the recent Annual Congress the Trade Department did more business by four hundred dollars than it has ever done in its history. The way our officers and soldiers patronized our stores is highly commendable and the profits gained as a result will go to advance the Kingdom.

We are deeply regretting the unsatisfactory state of the health which again has forced Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read to temporary retirement. Only recently she again took charge of her duties as Secretary of the Women's Social Work, and for some time there seemed to be a fair promise of gradual recovery, but her efforts evidently have been too exhausting, causing a somewhat serious relapse, and compelling cessation from work for the time being.

Major Archibald reports sixteen conversions in the Central Prison during the last two weeks.

An average of fifteen to twenty find situations per week through our Labor Bureau at Territorial Headquarters. Over eleven hundred men who were out of employment in Toronto were found situations during the last twelve months through the Salvation Army.

From the Department of Justice, at Ottawa, comes the request that the Army take an interest in the men but on parole, and use their influence and efforts to keep them out of saloons and various kinds of wickedness while under the eye of the Government.

Capt. Gamble, of Regina, is very ill with rheumatic fever, and is in need of our prayers.

Extensive alterations are taking place in the Quebec Shelter and barracks. Brigadier Turner is on the spot pushing through the improvements.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, with a smiling face, has good news to give us once more about the Klondike. "Why," said he, "the wood business has increased to such an extent that they have had to purchase an additional horse and sleigh, and things generally look hopeful."

The J.S. Manual is now in the press and will be ready shortly. There seems, in consequence, a great rush on in the General Secretary's Department.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE DRINK EVIL.

"It is too clear that the rapid extension of the system of saloons is threatening the very life of the community; that it is producing a physical and moral pestilence more deadly than any other plague which stalks the infested cities of the East; that it is bringing great masses of our working classes into self-imposed bondage more complete and degrading than slavery itself."

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GAZETTE.

Appointments—

ENSON WILKINS, of Grand Forks.

to Nelson, B.C.

ADJT. BLACKBURN, of Nelson, B.C., to Great Falls.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner.



Christmas Cheer for the Poor.

Again, the greatest of all children's dreams is rapidly awaiting realization—Christmas is at our very threshold. Countless little brains are concentrating their thoughts upon the best selection of gifts to ask of Santa Claus, or puzzle their brains to guess what he will bring, while with every dawn they count one day less till Christmas. Alas! that there should be a percentage of little ones to whom the sweet word of Christmas means nothing, or if it is understood only causes a bitter feeling of disappointment, knowing that there will be no visit of Santa Claus to their home. Then again, in spite of the general prosperity which our country generally enjoys, there are yet many men and women whose home, if indeed their abode could be called by that sacred name, is the haunt of poverty and want. People who are personally benefited by business prosperity cannot understand that a class of wretched and poor exist until they are brought face to face with some pitiful case which shocks them to the foundation of their soul, and converts them with one stroke into philanthropists—for a day, then the impressions are again worn off and are buried in the rush of personal work and problems.

The Salvation Army has, from year to year, extended its work among the poor, and especially thought it to be a great object-lesson to provide Christmas dinners to the poor, and so by a tangible benefit, most appreciated by the hungry, show them the practical good will of the followers of Christ towards their more unfortunate fellow-beings. A good Christmas dinner cheerfully given to a family is a more forcible argument in favor of Christianity than a year of preaching.

This year, in many cities, our officers will arrange to provide treats to poor children and deserving adults, in the way of free dinners and entertainments, gifts of underwear, warm clothing, mittens, toys, etc. In Toronto Miss Booth will personally superintend this work. It is her desire to supply baskets full of food and provisions to poor families on Christmas Eve, sufficient to benefit about one thousand persons, and also to give a free dinner during Christmas week to 500 of the poorest children, who will also receive a parcel of clothing, etc.,

The General's American Advance.

Conneaut, Columbus, Detroit and Toledo Each have a Gala Night—
The Chicago Climax—Tremendous Crowds Through the
Studebaker Theatre on Sunday and the Auditorium on
Monday—Chicago Ranks with the Best Records.

Commander F. de L. Booth-Tucker.

The General is more and more a marvel. His private car is a headquarters on wheels, and not a half hour of the day is left idle. The General has discovered the secret of renewing his strength. He easily outdistances all in practical work upon the car by day, goes into public meetings of more or less towering dimensions at night, comes back to the car, does more work, goes to bed and sleeps like a child. His train rumbled into the little town of Conneaut, the welcome figures of Colonel Holz and staff appeared and beamed a cordial welcome, as if to convince us of our unshakable westward travel.

Conneaut is an Ohio town of some 10,000 inhabitants—not aristocratic, but possessing a number of very substantial people, of whom the majority attend the General's lecture. The Army has the good-will of the entire town, one of the first evidences of which was soon discovered in the personage of an obsequious police officer, who tipped his hat to one of the General's staff.

The fact that the General was to lecture upon the lessons of his life was a sufficiently powerful attraction to bring out every one of our consequences in town. The Opera House was filled to its last chair. Everyone present was a friend, and their friendship was strengthened and intensified as a result of the General's lecture.

The chairman of the meeting, the Hon. A. M. Cox, summed up his opinion of the General in the brief but suggestive phrase, "He is a grand old man," while the Episcopal rector described the visit as one of the events of his life.

The chairman uttered his plaudits in the following **SPEECH OF THE LANGUAGE: "LA-HON. A. M. COX, dies and gentle-** fine meeting and a magnificent occasion. We pay all honor to-night to the presence amongst us of a distinguished and illustrious man—one who stands first and pre-eminent in the battle of the world, in the upbuilding of humanity and the universal brotherhood of men. His mission is everywhere and his parish is the world. What he has done and the structure he has raised with his thoughts, the ages take great pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, in introducing General Booth, the founder and leader of the Salvation Army."

The resplendent cheers were the enthusiastic of the audience of the chairman's every word. The applause was renewed as the General stepped to the front and returned thanks as a preliminary to the great lecture upon his life's work.

The General's claim that the Army deserved well of the people caught on wonderfully with the audience. The history of the ideal Corps from its very inception carries with it the burden of proof of the assertion. A remarkable spiritual revival broke out at the bombardment of the town by the Salvation Army, the substantial evidence of which are to be seen today in the shape of a solid, well-informed and disciplined Corps.

The personal appeal with which the General invariably closes his lectures was relished beyond the ordinary, and had circumstances favored a penitent form, there was little doubt that an effective work would have been done. "No, cannot we say that it was done, anyhow?" The General's shots were aimed directly at the hearts of his hearers, and there is no doubt as to their successful judgment.

At the lecture's close, Mr. Brown, a gentleman of local influence, proposed a vote of thanks in a choicely worded speech that evoked great enthusiasm; this was seconded and carried by unanimous vote. The General's heartfelt reply, followed by a closing prayer and the benediction by Colonel Lawley, closed the proceedings, the influences of which will count for good for many long days to come, bearing with them a golden record of inspiration which will not suffer by comparison with that of any similar event that has transpired in the city.

In a meeting every point of which bore the hall-**ENTHUSIASM AT EACH OF EXCEL- COLUMBUS, O** lence, it is a difficult thing to single out any one feature and elaborate upon it, yet we must say a very warm and a very appreciative word concerning the tremendous enthusiasm of this meeting of meetings at Columbus. To do strict and impartial justice to the General's electrifying meeting at Columbus would not use too many superlatives.

Colonel Lawley, than whom no better authority on such a subject exists, passes us on the following: "For genuine affection, tears and sympathy, this meeting was equal to the best."

Columbus is the capital city of the great State of Ohio, a State which produced the martyred McKinley, and whose citizens count it their best for the nation's weal. The inhabitants number 140,000. The entire city, with the imposing State House as a center, bears a very state's aspect, and the thousand and one signs of a prosperous, finely-equipped modern American city are in evidence.

The place selected for the meeting was the Board of Trade Auditorium, a spacious hall seating 2,500 people. There had been unmistakable signs during the day of a sympathetic feeling away beyond the average. The reception at the depot, that would not be appreciated, was quite affecting. Among the soldiers present was a dear old man with flowing white hair, who will regard the General's visit as the event of his life. With a soldierly respect, he lifted his hand to the General's forehead, to his lips; the General, instantly divining his object, put his arms around him in a loving embrace and imprinted a kiss upon his forehead, bringing blessed tears of loving emotion to the dear old soldier's eyes and ringing from his lips an exclamation similar to that of Simeon of old.

The press of the city had devoted many pages to interviews and anticipatory write-ups, and the tone of these was about all that could be desired.

The exhibition of sympathetic regard that made itself apparent here was made his appearance spoke volumes for the ability of the audience to keep its emotion under bit and bridle until the right moment.

The General was well supported upon the platform by a number of gentlemen of distinguished bearing, who acted as vice-presidents. Among them were: Dr. W. O. Thompson, president Ohio State University; Rev. F. A. Jones, Secretary of the W. C. C. S. State Sunday School Association; Rev. Carl Doney, pastor King Avenue M.E. Church; Chaplain Starr, of the State Penitentiary; Rabbi Klein, of the Jewish Synagogue; Rev. Mr. Thompson, Welsh Congregational Church; Doctor Copeman, and Colonel Kirkbourne, Democratic nominee for Governor at the recent election.

His Excellency the Governor of Ohio, the Hon. G. K. Nash, presided over the meeting. His introduction of the General was kindly in the extreme. After delivering a brief, although unalloyed, speech of introduction,

which could not have been more to the point, had it been read from a carefully prepared printed page, the Governor turned to the General, grasped him by the hand and gently drew him to his feet, amid a perfect tempest of applause.

It had not the privilege of meeting you in **THE GOVERNOR'S** person until I grasped your hand and drew you to my feet.

platform, General Booth, but you have not been unknown to me or to the people of Ohio. We have long known that your ambition in life is to perform good works and to help those who are in trouble. A mother and a boy or a man never had. You recognize the fact that you could not perform this work well without the help of God. That your work has been well performed is well known to us all, from the fact that the organization which you have made known as the Salvation Army has spread throughout the world, turning the feet of multitudes of men and women into righteousness and peace. If as done good, it has done great work wherever it has gone. It is for these reasons that the people of Ohio welcome you most cordially to-night, and they and I wish you an abundant harvest in your life's work, and that at the end you may have the peace, the rest, and the joy which God gives to all who do good people.

I have the honor to advise the pleasure to present to you General Booth."

We were about to remark that, like particles of dust flying before a new broom, the General's lecture, delivered with peculiar liberty and unctious so difficult to define, but so essential to conquest, swept every atom of preconceived prejudice and misunderstanding from our minds and hearts. However, would be but half stating the truth; in addition to such obliteration, there was a great and palpable deepening of the already possessed appreciation in the cases of the great majority of those present.

The applause broke out in spontaneous bursts. It was cordial. It was genuine. The crowd, as one man, would clasp arms and shout the force of a fire-alarm bell. Then, a full occurring, a glimpse of the General's benignant countenance would start them off again like a steam callopie, not exactly the same variety of sound, but the same in volume of intensity.

After the high-rolling sea of applause had ebbed a trifle, and further exercises hence made possible, the General proposed a vote of thanks to the General in the following language.

"The General said in the beginning of his address that he hoped to touch some young heart here this evening. I am sure he has touched some old as well as young hearts here to-night, and that you who have heard him shall go from this building less selfish, less careless about the condition of those people of whom he has told us to-night, who are in such a state of need, and not only that we shall be more earnest in our desire to help men, but that we shall never again be content to wait for men to come within our reach, but that we shall go out and like the Salvation Army, that we shall go out of our way with the determined purpose to reach and help those who need it."

It was here always thought of General Booth as a foreigner. Some years ago I was in the House of Parliament in London. In a room on the lower floor there was a picture of Moses coming down from the mountain, and a lady said, "Moses is a foreigner. He looked like a foreigner!"

"Now, I am sure we would not have felt that when we looked at General Booth to-night. I am sure we have felt that he is not only a fellow-

Consul Emma de L. Booth-Tucker.

countryman of ours, bound for the same country as that to which we are traveling, but that he is our brother." (Great cheers.)

The General's visit to the extreme-ly pretty and well-kept city of Detroit, to accomplish a great deal for the local work, which had already received considerable momentum from the sympathy evoked by the recent arrest of Brigadier B. B. Cox and some of the comrades of the Corps. The General's meeting in the finely built and beautifully appointed Central Methodist Episcopal Church, followed up as it will be, we doubt not, by suitable arrangements for taking advantage of the high tide of sympathetic feeling which swept over the magnificent audience, will make the evening of a year, a brighter and better day for Detroit than our work has ever enjoyed there in the past.

We spoke of the crowd as magnificent. It was fully that in point of numbers, of course, and it may be added, of social standing. After an extra row of chairs had been placed down the full length of the centre aisle, and the choir pit over the pulpit had been filled with clamorous spectators, people crowded into the sacred edifice wherever standing-room was permitted.

At Columbus, O., our last stop, the pulse of the people's enthusiasm was beating away up about 150; at Detroit it was not so high, but let no one abuse his mind with the idea that the meeting was in any danger of coldness or stiffness. Not a bit of it. Only when a man comes from a boiler-room into a steam-heated apartment he feels a little chilly. There was sufficient heat present to dispel the mist of misunderstanding. The beautiful edifice of loving regard which asserted itself towards the close of the meeting, put one in mind of the beautiful rainbow which crowns the effort of the sun as it shines with benevolence upon the overlying mist of Niagara.

Colonel Higgins introduced the distinguished chairman of the occasion, the Hon. Don M. Dickenson, who was very felicitous in his remarks. "The first time I ever heard the words 'Salvation Army' was in the DICKENSON'S year 1876 or 1877, in the city of London."

It was a driving through Trafalgar Square, when we were stopped at the entrance of Pall Mall by a passing Army with banner and drum and flag. It was a small Army, it is true, but it was a squad of that mighty Army, to paraphrase the words of an eloquent statesman of our country, whose drum-beat followed the setting sun is now heard around the world.

"Arrested by curiosity, I made inquiry and found this was the Salvation Army, and that night I attended a meeting in a dingy hall, just off the Strand of London, and heard the earnest tones of a body of people whom I now know as the Salvation Army, and whose distinguished head is with us to-night."

I learned that its objects were to reach that great mass of people in the city of London who think they are not welcome in the churches; they are those of whom it may be said, "They have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but they have not where to lay their head." And it was doubtful at

(Continued on page 12.)

From Nadab and Abihu. A Character Sketch.

BY MAJOR ARCHIBALD.

(Leviticus 10: 1-11.)

The law had been given and the tabernacle had been built, and organized worship began. On the very first day of their meetings this terrible thing happened. It shows conclusively that the greater our privileges are the greater are our temptations and the deeper may be our fall.

Who were the transgressors? They were the sons of Aaron and bore names meaning "Generous" and "God is our Father," rather expressive of their pious ancestry and training. Christian heridity may be a great help and blessing, but it will not in itself save us. It has often been said that ministers' sons are worse than others, but when they are bad they become conspicuous and so terrible to parents. Nadab and Abihu had been ordained to the priesthood and were in the service at the altar. High position is no safeguard against temptation. The tower of the City Hall, no more our Headquarters, may be the farther away from the danger of a flood, yet it is dangerously near the lightning (only a few weeks ago the lightning did much damage to its spire). They that stand next to the altar are not to temptations that others may never know. The officer who leads his Corps or those associated with the executive working of our organization all have their temptations peculiar to the situation.

Offering Strange Fire.

These two newly commissioned officers, Nadab and Abihu, "took each his own censor and offered strange fire before the Lord." The worship of the Tabernacle was so liberal to pure faith, and so exposed to abuse and desecration, that every part of it was put under Divine regulation and command. A great many raise the question of the orders and regulations of the Army; they feel they pinch. Yes, they do, but only to the lax and weak in spirit, or those who always want to run everything in a circle. Where would we land without order or regulation? Only the Tabernacle censor and the holy fire that burned on the altar continually could be used in their service, but these young men set these regulations at defiance, and used their own censers and their own fire. They like many others of today, would bring things "up to date" and strike out on new and progressive lines. No doubt they reasoned within themselves that Aaron, their father, was an old fogey who was bound too much to tradition. The spirit of progress and daring in our Army is noble and necessary; it pushes the Army work forward, and on the right lines we need much more of it, yet progression works confusion and ruin if carried on on selfish lines. We want the progress that respects the heads of our organization and keeps itself under Divine direction. Strange fire may creep into our meetings, and, worse than all, it may be brought in by using the word "progress" or in not being close to the Gospel line, let the chips fall where they may. Are not the legion of fads now in vogue with many of God's people a symbol of strange fire? Anything that the tempter can utilize to draw away our minds from Christ and Him crucified is nothing less than strange fire, or the getting our hearts to embrace some hobby, some wonderful excellence, which is a snare above our fellow-comrades in the Divine life. This something which takes away the passion or the zeal for souls, that implants a doctrine which makes a man less useful in the service, nothing more nor less than strange fire.

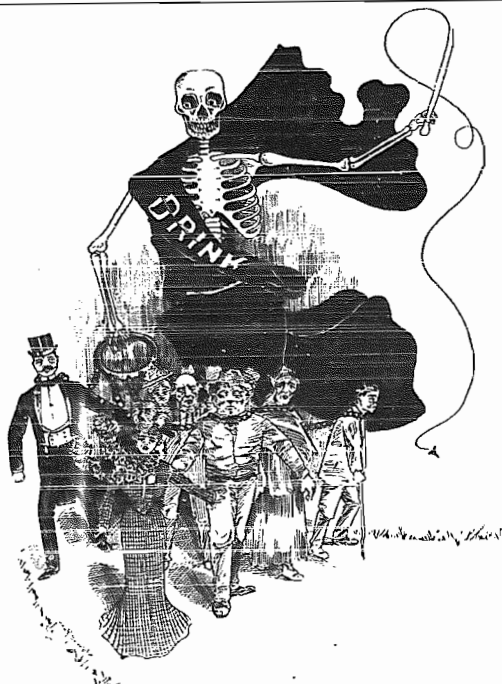
Fire Devoured Them.

"And there came forth fire from the Lord and devoured them, and they died before the Lord." They were not spared because they were Aaron's sons and stood at the altar, but retribution fell upon them as swift and as terrible as if they had been heathen desecrators. God is no respecter of persons, and whatever one's social standing or spiritual leadership may

be, he shall reap of his own doings. The punishment may with many seem out of proportion to the sin, but with some sins they must not be allowed to get the start. With some, spiritual sins may not be of much consequence, but in the long run they are worst of all. A meeting is one of God's greatest blessings, yet it may be perverted and become our greatest corruption. In heathen countries we are told that vice reaches its deepest degradation at the altar. Disobedience in not giving God complete control of soul and body cuts the deepest into the life of the soul. Life cannot be conducted on "go-as-you-please" principles, but we must keep in the track of the law or be wrecked in disobedience. God can never overlook the sin. He bates it and has provided a remedy, not an excuse; therefore, no guilty soul can escape. The fearful thread of retribution is woven

thousands of beautiful, talented people we have known to fall through disobedience—their spiritual life stricken with a spiritual death. Aaron held his peace. He had no word of excuse to offer for his sons, and no complaint to make against God. He was smitten into silence by the blow. How much he blamed himself for his sons' folly we will never know, yet he may have had presented to his mind the scene of the golden calf—when calamity overtakes us memory is sure to point to deeds of the past—yet his great sorrow struck his soul dumb. When God speaks, let man be silent. "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth because Thou didst it." Moses ordered the corpses out of camp, and without any preparation for burial they were dropped into dishonored graves. Death does not level moral distinctions among men, and after death the "filthy are filthy still." We may throw the mantle of silence over them, but we cannot honor them.

Moses also forbade Aaron and his sons from uncovering their heads and engaging in the usual Oriental manifestations of grief. They were lot



Drink's Slavery.

into the whole web of the universe. Every day we live looks forward for a judgment. Fire came forth from the Lord and devoured Nadab and Abihu. They sinned with fire, and fire destroyed them. The deep meaning is that sin works its own retribution. The commandments of God are not arbitrary arrangements, but they are the necessary and the eternal laws of life, which, being disobeyed, destroy life. God does not need to kindle a fire around the sinner; he is kindling his own fire and consuming himself. Every sin unpardoned, unforgiven, shall burn throughout eternity a flame of fire, when the fire is eternal and "where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

No Excuses to Offer.

This terrible affair struck the camp with consternation. Moses was the first to speak, and he explained the matter to Aaron. The point of explanation is that God means just what He says. His laws are not to be trifled with, and we are not to be surprised when we find dead men lying in the path of disobedience. How many "dead men" you can count, especially if you are an old officer? Oh,

the old-time fire, the old-time purity of heart and purpose, the old-time simplicity and Gospel story, lest we fall out by the wayside, and, in disgrace to both God and the Flag, our souls are numbered with backsliders.

Odessa on Fire.

Drum-Head Consecration—Deep-Deed Drunkard Saved Through the Drum—His Ten-Year-Old Son Follows.

Sunday, Nov. 9th, was a day of power. In the hallmess meeting Bro. Aylesworth, who was leading the testimony meeting, asked for a drum-head consecration, and three came out for sanctification and knelt at the old drum. Then all in the meeting except one came and reconsecrated themselves to God, and prayed that God would use them in the salvation of some precious soul that day. They sang heartily on their knees Colonel Lawley's new song—

"It's the old-time power, Lord, I am seeking to-day."

Praise God the power came. While we were on the afternoon march one of the worst drunkards in Odessa heard the beating of the drum. He left his dinner and came to the meeting to get saved. He did not come forward, however, but left unsaved, and under very deep conviction went to his home for his supper very drunk. At six o'clock the power fell on him, but God's Spirit so convicted him that instead of partaking of their supper they started a prayer meeting, there being three Salvationists in the family at home (one is a Cadet in the American field). Praise God, in a short time the mercy came to his feet a sober and a saved man, and declared he would never touch the drink again. He smashed the bottle, came to the meeting at night and testified. His boy, aged ten years, also came to the mercy seat, and an old lady who had been a Christian for forty years, but had disobeyed God, came and cried for mercy, making six souls for the day.

Lieut. C. Holliday has returned from the General's counsils full of fire for the winter campaign. Our cottage prayer meetings are again started for the winter. Look out for Odessa.—Hallelujah Drummer.

Women's Social Work.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Will all those who desire to enter as officers of the Women's Social and Children's Rescue Work, write for full particulars to Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, Albert St., Toronto.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Kindly send all donations or subscriptions for the Women's Social and Children's Rescue Work to Miss Booth, Albert St., Toronto, or to any of the following addresses.

Rescue Homes, Children's Homes, and Hospitals.

- Toronto, Ont., 916 Yonge St. Adjt. Lowrie.
- London, Ont., Riverview Ave. Adjt. McDonald.
- Winnipeg, 486 Young St. Adjt. Kerr.
- St. John, N.B., 36 St. James St. Staff-Capt. Hoar.
- Montreal, Que., 243 St. Antoine St. Staff-Capt. Ellery.
- Halifax, N.S., 71 Windsor St. Adjt. Mrs. Payne.
- St. John's, Nfld., 26 Cook St. Ensign Hall.
- Ottawa, Ont., 121 Daly Ave. Adjt. Hicks.
- Hamilton, Ont., 119 Wentworth St. Ensign Broster.
- Bute, Mont., 305 W. Broadway. Capt. Earle.
- Spokane, Wash., 739 S. Chandler St. Staff-Capt. Jones.
- Vancouver, B.C., 789 Seymour St. Ensign Butler.
- Toronto, Ont., 68 Farley Ave. Ensign Crocker.

CORPS BULLETINS

Six Souls.

Cornwall.—Two weeks ago we said farewell to Capt. and Mrs. Green, and welcomed into our midst Ensign Haley, of West Ontario. The Ensign is a stranger in these parts, but is no stranger to the work of God, and since her arrival God has been blessing our efforts. Sunday last we had the joy of seeing four souls seek pardon, making six for the two Sundays. Our prayer is that many more may be brought to see their need of Christ.—F. P. R.

Harmonics and G. B. M. Man.

Jonbourg.—We had special meetings all day on Sunday, conducted by Ensign Poole and the Harmonics. The Ensign also gave a lantern service on Saturday, which was very good. We had a very large attendance on Sunday evening, and deep conviction was stamped on many faces. The Harmonics are going to stay another week. May God bless them. They have already been a great blessing and help to us.—R. C.

A Volunteer from the Back.

Dodging Cove.—We are baving victory in this part of the battlefield. Sunday was a blessed day. From knee-drill to the night meeting the



Capt. Carwardine, Newmarket.

Lord was with us, and we had a wonderful time. Four of our comrades said good-bye to Glace Bay, C. B. Bro. Hallett, of S. A. preacher, spoke from 2 Kings v. 10, and the truth was home to the hearts of the people. O dear brother at the back of the barracks volunteered for God. Our faith runs high for good times in the near future. Our soldiers are a joy to have, and know how to fight for God.—Hezekiah Wiltshire, Lieut.

Returned After Seventeen Years.

Penelon Falls.—We have received from the Locals and soldiers a splendid welcome. The meetings for the week-end were a good beginning. Staff-Capt. Ellery, who was converted here in the Army seventeen years ago, accompanied by Ensign Broster, took part in the meetings on Saturday and Sunday. Their visit and talks were much enjoyed. We are looking forward to a harvest of souls for God this winter. Blood and fire shall win.—Capt. and Mrs. H. C. Banks, C.O's.

Signs of a Revival.

Lalifax L.—On Sunday morning seven comrades met for knee-drill, and wrestled so hard for victory that God gave us the promise. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." At the morning meeting in the harbor the first soul was won for God, and many who looked on were brought to tears. In the afternoon two more precious souls were won for the Master, and again at night eight souls sought and found Christ, while many more were under deep conviction. On Monday night two more wanderers returned to God, who for-

gave all the past. There are signs of a big revival this month. We pray that we shall not be disappointed. Two souls were also saved at Dartmouth united meeting on Thursday night.—Benediction J. W. Pierce.

Conviction Deepening.

Lewiston.—Since last report the work has been going ahead here. Souls are getting saved, the attendance is keeping up, conviction is deepening in many hearts, and we are believing for greater victories. We still have Capt. and Mrs. Jackson with us. God bless them. Their whole aim is to advance the Kingdom of God.—S. M. Sumpter.

Left a Deep Impression.

Medicine Hat.—God is wonderfully blessing the work here and souls are getting saved. We have had with us Ensign Mercer, the G.B.M. Agent for the Province, who is loved by all who know him for his gentleness of manner and cheering words. The Ensign's prayer, entitled, "How sweet home," was very touching indeed, and left a deep impression on the people's hearts.—H. S. Smith.

A Record-Breaker.

Minot.—We have just had a visit from Ensign James Mercer, the G.B.M. man, and all enjoyed his meetings. The magic lantern service was a complete success, and the net income was \$14.00. How is this for a record breaker? A few souls have come forward for salvation recently, and God is blessing us in other ways.—Capt. Edward Kennin.

The Provincial Officer's Visit.

Newmarket.—We have just had a visit from Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering and Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Cass. Large crowds listened to the words of the Brigadier with great attention. Many were deeply convicted, and best of all one soul was saved at knee-drill.



Lieut. Lamb, Newmarket, Ont.

and two on Sunday night. Newmarket corps, by the help of God, is marching on to victory.—S. Carwardine, Capt.

The Adjutant's First Sunday.

Ottawa.—We extended a hearty greeting to Adj. Habkirk, our new commanding officer, on his arrival on Saturday, Nov. 8th. During the meetings on Sunday the power of God was felt in our midst, and we were privileged to see one precious soul seeking a clean heart and five seeking pardon. We give all the glory to Jesus. This is the first victory under the new leader, and we are still pushing the battle on by prayer and faith,

determined to conquer. Lieuts. Lovday and Mabel Webber are on a short furlough to see their parents, Sergt-Major and Mrs. Webber. We were glad to welcome them to the Ottawa corps.—Adj. French, Sec.

News from Alaska.

Skagway.—We can still report victory. Praise God for His presence with us in our meetings. Last week was one of labor and hardship, both for the Captain and soldiers, but our hearts rejoice when we see the sign "Salvation Army" right in the centre of the town among those who need the Gospel brought to them. We have now settled down for the winter, to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. We believe that God is going to crown our efforts with souls. Capt. Long is in command of the forces in Alaska.—H. F. S.

A Little Girl Came First.

Spokane.—On Monday night Staff-Capt. Taylor commissioned the handsomeness whom we are pleased to say, is getting along fine. Sec. Martiz has been appointed Bandmaster. May God grant that their music may be the means of touching the sinners' hearts. Sister Coen, who has been away for the past three months has returned to Spokane, and we are pleased to have her in our midst again. On Sunday night a dear little nine-year-old girl came to the penitent form and said she wished to give her heart to Jesus. This was the first convert in our new barracks, and, praise the Lord, a very fitting one too. A sister who once loved God, but whose love for Him had grown cold, also came forward and promised to be true. Deep conviction seized many others, but they went away unsaved. It has rained continuously every night since we opened our new hall, but this has not in any way dampened our courage in going ahead in God's strength to do our best to try and win souls for Him.—J. R. C.

Military Comrades Farewell.

St. George's.—Three of our military comrades farewelled on Sunday evening. They have been with us for some time and proved faithful soldiers of the corps, and each one spoke of his determination to stick to God and the Army wherever they might go. At our last soldiers' meeting we all joined hands and sang, "All hail thee, Lord, in Thee." We pray that all may prove themselves true and fight the good fight of faith with all their might. The Juniors gave a jubilee celebration on the day following the King's Birthday, which was highly appreciated by the audience.—S. A. Church, War. C.R.

His Former Peace Restored.

Strathroy.—Everyone seems pleased with our new officers, Capt. and Mrs. Hancock, and increased crowds prove that they will take all right. Sunday's holiness meeting was a blessed time, and God restored to a troubled soul his former peace. Brother and Sister J. Gare have gone to invade the enemy's camp in Bay City, Mich. We all miss them very much.—A. Haldane.

Tears Rolled Down Their Cheeks.

St. Stephen.—God is still in our midst, sinners are getting saved, and backsliders are coming home. A young man who had been a soldier for six years, and who had only been saved a week are in the marches and on the platform. We have seen seven souls saved since Capt. McWilliams and Lieut. Radford took charge. The people seem much interested in their souls' salvation.

Cadet Bessie Bartlett has gone to Old Ridge to prepare for the Training Home.—Cadet Jennie Hardwick.

Souls Were Stirred.

Summerside.—We have just had a visit from Adj. and Mrs. Hyers. They came full of fire, and conducted three meetings with us. At the first meet-



P.S.M. Mrs. Dickson and War Cry Sgt. Galistis Sivyser, St. Thomas, Ont.

Our two comrades collected over \$50 for H.F. fund.

Ing many were convicted and one wanderer returned, and on Thursday night many souls were stirred up to their responsibility. We give our D. O. and his wife an invitation to come back to our corps.—Little David.

Seven for the Week-End.

Uxbridge.—On Thursday last Lieut. Welby arrived to take charge for a few days, and she has not been idle. On Saturday one brother knelt at the mercy seat and God saved him from drink and tobacco. On Sunday we had good meetings; there was deep conviction and at the night meeting five brothers and one sister came to God for pardon, making a total of seven for the week-end. To God we give the glory.—Treas.

Farewell for the Klondike.

Whitmore.—Capt. Darrach and Lieut. Sutherland farewelled on Sunday night, Nov. 5th, and left for Everett, where the Lieutenant will supply during the Captain's rest for a month, when they expect to leave for Skagway, Alaska. Mrs. Adj. McGill arrived on the following Friday and welcomed her on Sunday. The Adjutant is expected about Dec. 1st, and in the meantime the soldiers intend to rally around Mrs. McGill and share in the grand work of soul-saving.—E.C.R.

Blind Musician at London.

Grand meetings yesterday, the Blind Musician here. Citadel filled at night. Eight souls forward, one of them being a brother who was deeply convicted in the General's meetings. The work has received a great lift by our dear General's visit. How the people do love him here! The soldiers are all there. And first-class, the boys rendered good service in the prayer meeting last night.—Staff-Capt. A. Goodwin.

At the present time all our Social Institutions in London and the Provinces, as well as the Land Colony, are crowded to the extreme limits allowed by the authorities. It is very necessary that the number of Homes and Workshops should be increased to cope with the demand which is sure to be made upon us as the winter becomes more severe.

THE GENERAL'S AMERICAN ADVANCE.

(Continued from page 9.)

that time and, and to say, it may be doubtful at this time, whether anyone of that great class of suffering and wretched humanity would be welcome in any of our palatial churches.

"But the garb they wear every day, and the only garb that they have. This organization has reached them, however. I learned their names, and their names were written down to come and to show them that face of the Saviour to us all luminous with help, sympathy, and comfort to the wretched, and we hoped to send them to the Salvation Army. I believe he put that hope in the face of the masses of men, and put that message in the heart of the masses of men."

"I am glad to hear that," said the reformer, who is at the head of this great Army, and whose name is known round the world. Is our guest of the day and of the night here, General Booth? He will be an honor to me to be remembered as long as I live, to present to you General William Booth, of the Salvation Army."

The speaker turned his attention to the audience for the two hours devoted to the delivery of his lecture. The General's first touch of wit loosened things up considerably, and looked upon the faces of the members of the broad smiles spread over the place.

At the close of the lecture some very excellent addresses were delivered by the following gentlemen:—The Rev. Mr. Hays, by the chairman as "the compeer of Detroit," and Judge Phelan, who, of course, made many references to the legal aspects of the case, and upon Campus Martius A motion of thanks was moved, seconded, and carried, and responded to feebly by the General, the Consul terminating the prayer-petition full of pious pleading.

Toledo has certainly given the General a right royal reception, and one which he has not failed to appreciate.

The spacious northern Hall—wide, long, high, and broad—with its thousands of flags, giving it an extremely gala appearance, with its every seat held down by a living occupant, its every window sit tenanted, presented a scene of inspiring grandeur. The speaker, for, he spoke with special authority and power, and captured the people's hearts from the very beginning.

The action of the chairman, General Kent Hamilton, in terming the General "the great leader of a great Army," while he was a qualified illustration of some of the things he made our leader great, crediting him with an organizing genius equal to that of the early reformers, was heartily endorsed by the entire audience in a vote of thanks and a series of cheers and hand-claps that punctuated the speaker's remarks.

The Toledo News speaks of the occasion as "an event among events, an occasion one among a thousand. Although General Booth has appeared in Toledo before, it was last evening that he appeared more as a leader of men. . . . In her greeting to him, Toledo showed the appreciation she holds for him, for his life, and for his work."

of 1885. Now our speakers could have manipulated an audience as did the General, with the assistance of his Divine Master, at Toledo. Now using a shaft of humor to make palatable some great, stirring truth, now carrying them along upon the crest of a wave of enthusiasm to the scene of some heroic achievement, then again holding them up as at the point of a revolver, as he brought them face to face with the anæsthes of their own conscience, and asked them in tones of great intensity, "Do you dare to follow?" "Do you dare to know what are you doing with your life?" The effect was of almost supernatural import. The climax of the lecture was terrific. The General's last few sentences, accompanied by most powerful influences of spiritualism, made the audience will prove of lasting, we dare believe everlasting, effect.

CHICAGO'S CHANCE.

The boundless ocean of filial affection with which Salvationists regard their General never received a greater, stronger, or more pronounced exemplification than during the wonderful just-closed Chicago Congress.

The exalted position which General William Booth occupies in the mind of the American public, as a practical philanthropist, and a great leader in the religious world, was never more patent to the public eye than on this occasion.

The verdict of the daily journals was rarely if ever more decidedly in favor of our General and that creation of his word and will, the Salvation Army, than at present.

There was no public reception, in the proper acceptance of the term, but a great throng of officers and soldiers could not restrain their desire to pay the tribute of their heart's affection to the one whose spiritual ministrations set in motion the spiritual machinery which brought them to their homes, so that when the General stepped from the platform at the Dearborn Station, on Saturday morning he walked into what the Chicago "American" called "a sea of blue waving red caps. Wild huzzas rang out again and again as the General beamed upon the congregated enthusiasts and bade them welcome to his heart as to his home. The first to greet him was city Judge Luther Lathin Mills and amidst city life to the end of the train, and was the first to affectionately greet the General, who responded with as tender a greeting. In stepping on to the platform off the railway platform the impression was created that the General was stepping directly into the hearts of the Chicago people, and throughout the duration of the entire Chicago campaign the people of the city were as snatched upon him at the last salvo of enthusiastic appreciation as the train to which the "Ramblor" is attached steamed out of the depot on its homeward journey. The only incident occurred to seriously mar his mission.

AT THE PRESS CLUB.

quest of many of the leading literary circles of the city, who, at his suggestion, seated themselves around him in a semi-circle after introductions had been made, and listened to a very brief informal lecture on the various phases of the Army work. To see the General at one of these gatherings of professional men and women is to witness another proof of his greatness; the General not only meets them upon an equal plane but puts each one in his place among them.

The attitude of the gentlemen present, comprising as they did authors, publishers and journalists of repute, was one of extreme cordiality towards the General, in fact, the only consideration he received.

The General could not have expected or received greater attention at the hands of his own officers and soldiers than he received from these literary

One newspaper man, speaking later of the General as "the leader of the crusade against poverty and vice and crime in England, the champion of the people all over the earth," further declared him to be "a modern George Fox," and remarked: "It is not difficult to account for the tremendous following he has created in a few years."

The historic Princess Rink, the huge home of Chicago I. WITH HIS SOLDIERS corps, and AND EX-SOLDIERS the seat of AT THE our Western PRINCESS RINK. Training operations resplendent in its coating of new paint, with numerous electric bulbs shedding their soft radiance upon the brilliantly-illuminated mottoes upon the walls, was a model place of assembly for the opening battle of the campaign—a battle against carelessness, coldness, and indifference: a

blazing fire to melt the ice that had caked itself around the experience of the ex-soldiers present.

The entire seating capacity of the Rink—one of the largest public halls in the city—was used by the Army as a barracks in this country—was taken up with soldiers and those who had formerly been such. Each seat had its blue-bonnetted or red-guernseyed occupant, while the immense platform was packed with as bright and compact a body of Salvation Army officers as we have ever seen within our ranks. Here was an audience which was to the General's own liking, with the word "Inspiration" written across it in letters of silver and gold.

When the General arrived, fluttering a handkerchief over his head, as though to better waft the affectionate regard of his heart to theirs, there arose a regular pandemonium of appreciation which would have rendered nervous collapse a readily excusable offence.

From the very start, after the storming of the Bastille, the clamor for the cessation of applause had been suppressed for the moment, and the General had spoken of the glorious victories which God had crowned his efforts at the great centres of New York and Toronto, it became apparent that Chicago had its own views upon the subject, that a holy rivalry existed, which portended great happenings, if mighty faith and desperate warfare promised anything. But this was laid aside for the time being, and then the General began to speak, and he came absorbed in the momentous questions upon which the General based his remarks.

The General then turned his gaze upon the demons of half-heartedness and backsliding, blazing away with the intensity and accuracy of a trained marksman. He judged his audience rightly. It was not so much the General speaking as it was God speaking through the General. It was not like a man addressing other men and women upon a chosen topic, but like a prophet with a Divine message thundering it forth upon hearts and intelligences which would henceforth feel the burden of its responsibility.

"Receiving and giving is part of the law and order of God's universe!" The words fell from the General's lips like the mellow soil of men and women's hearts. He thought and thought of what was coming next. They did not have to wait long. "You have been receiving things all your life—long but what are you doing in return?" The words of the General's invitation became generally self-asked. "There came shot number three—Are you giving your best—you all? Remember, God will be satisfied with nothing less than the best!" The General was awake of such questioning, alive as he was with point and illustration, with practical warning and entreaty, and the General's invitation was given as the while the General's words were some of his most fiery utterances. A dear fellow, with sighs and sobs and crying and groaning beneath a terrible burden of sin, these words made a dash for him, nearly

When the pool was opened, amidst sights and sounds that would tax the golden pen of a colliestial spirit to describe, there was a steady procession to the front for cleansing and healing that constituted the penitent form a veritable Pool of Siloam.

Broken-hearted backsliders, in various stages of soul-wreck and desolation, received pardon and reconciliation; others who had gradually and almost unconsciously lost their first love had it restored to them, the grand total of earnest suppliants numbering no less than sixty-four.

God was abundantly thanked and glorified for what was generally felt to be a glorious start to the Chicago campaign—a start that would lead up to spiritual situations and climaxes that neither men nor devils possessed the power to hinder.

The embarrassing situation that faced the War Cry man when he essayed to enter the Princess Rink on Sunday morning was one of closed doors, which the usual genial and obliging Colonel Souter, chief of the

rush that might ensue, would not permit to be re-opened even at the behest of a War Cry man. The only thing for the belated reporter to do, unless he wished to lose the entire meeting, was to make a football rush around to the back of the building and "climb up some other way."

For a Sunday morning meeting, the sight that met the reporter's gaze was certainly a revelation. The great crowd, seated and standing in every available niche and corner, gave the idea of vastness and immensity.

The clapping that greeted the rising of the General at the conclusion of the opening song and prayer, seemed rather distasteful to him at the moment, and he begged his audience to refrain. The solemnity of the occasion could not be over-looked. The General had some spiritual business to perform. He was to talk to men and women he might never meet again.

The General raised a high standard before the view of his hearers—and yet a standard which his life has evidenced he has not hesitated to assume for himself, and which he has therefore shown the greatest feeling of confidence and authority, place before others. The General's standard was that of Calvary and the cross. Nothing but one's greatest and best was ever deemed acceptable in his eyes. He would not return for this. The General would not promise an ecstasy of unmitigated delight. It pleased Almighty God to place crosses, and trials, and mysteries in our path, but he did promise the fulfillment of God's promise that we should ultimately work out for our good.

And then our leader took us up and on as by a veritable torrent of very arguments and convincing experiences to the possibilities of grace that lie before us, and of the self allowed hindrances that can alone interfere with our possession of an uttermost salvation. Surely the General felt that eternal issues were dependent upon his fully and correctly proclaiming the truth of God that morning, and he spoke accordingly.

The great difficulty of attempting to report one of the General's addresses is the fact that it is utterly impossible to report the man himself, his personality, his astounding magnetism, his overwhelming individuality.

The meeting carried the stamp of Divinity upon its every detail. Another-world feeling was palpably and distinctly realized. The issues of life and death were weighing in the balances of human minds and hearts. Souls were prayed for, souls were claimed.

The rank, hoary old heresy that reveals are things of the past verily received its death-blow in this great centre of need. The General, physically overcome for the moment, gives place to that mastery conductor of after-meetings, Colonel Lawley, and the battle commences in double earnest.

Forty souls, save one, set the bells of heaven pealing out a merry chime, whilst hearts innumerable were filled, not only with blessing and inspiration gathered from the rich influences of the meeting, but with faith for still greater things at the remaining meetings of the day.

It seemed as though the echoes of joy
and glad
SUNDAY AFTERNOON ness over
AT THE the thirty
STUDEBAKER nine souls
THEATRE. who knelt
at the man-

itent form in the morning service had scarcely died away when the doors of the beautiful Studebaker Theatre were swung open to receive the expectant crowd which, in less than thirty minutes, thronged and filled it to its utmost capacity, and this notwithstanding the heavy showers of rain which fell about the time the doors were announced to open.

Exactly at the stroke of three the General, accompanied by the Commander and Consul, stepped on the platform, and faced a congregation which must have made their hearts glad. The General's appearance was greeted with spontaneous outbursts of welcome and enthusiasm. The General acknowledged the greeting in a characteristic manner.

After the storm of applause had spent itself the Commander outlined that soul-stirring song of the General's

A black and white photograph of the University of Toronto's main building, a large, multi-story structure with a prominent central tower and arched entrance. The building is situated on a hill, and the foreground shows a wide, open area, likely a lawn or plaza. The image is grainy and has a high-contrast, almost solarized appearance.

The Studebaker Theatre.

Speaking disinterestedly, we give it as our opinion that the Chicago campaign is, by the unutterable goodness of God, away ahead of even the high expectations that had been formed concerning it, and Colonel Souton, Brigadier Damon, and officers and comrades of the Province, are to be cordially congratulated upon the very excellent results that have been secured.—Lieut.-Colonel Cox.

OUR BOOMERS' HONOR ROLL

Benign Arab—The Smiling Cadets
Put in an Appearance at Last—
The Winnipeg Wonder at it
Again—Mag and Newfound-
land Behind in the Race—
Skagway Ahoy!

Arab looks as benign as in the old-
en time. He "hears his blushing hon-
ors" with becoming grace. No is-
teed! A thing of beauty and a joy
forever, surely!

With lots of sunny smiles, the
Cadets appear amongst us this week.
I hope they will make themselves
right at home. We're quite a "home-
ly" lot, and are noted for making oth-
ers feel the same way. Welcome,
Cadets!

Ah, ha! That Winnipeg Wonder
can laugh at even her nearest com-
petitor. She's out of sight! I don't
think I could do any better myself.
Please don't laugh, for in my day I
was quite a boomer.

Alas, poor Max! She's away at
the end of the bunch of runners this
week. We shall eagerly expect a
change for the better, or there will be
a funeral service soon.

Time was when Newfoundland
could easily outdistance both the
North-West and Pacific Provinces.
Now they are behind both. Time
works wonders. I still, Newfoundland,
has some good stuff, and you can never
prophecy defeat with any degree of
confidence.

We are confidently expecting that
Ensign Darach, who goes into Skag-
way, I hear, will do as well in the
booming line as her predecessor.
That Alaskan city is good ground for
"Cry" selling, Ensign.

The tip-top hustlers this week are
LEUT. CROSER, Winnipeg, 445;
LEUT. Moore, Sydney, 275; Capt.
Greavett, Hamilton, 350; J. Lidstone,
Glouce Bay, 210.

Eastern Province.

130 Hustlers.

Leut. Moore, Sydney	275
J. Lidstone, Glouce Bay	210
P.S.-M. Caslin, Halifax	165
Mrs. Adjt. Byers, Charlottetown	165
Sergt. Vainot, Halifax II.	147
Sergt. Crain, Glouce Bay	147
Sergt. Rafuse, Halifax I.	147
Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Sydney	140
Capt. Redmond, Somerset	130
P.S.-M. McQueen, Moncton	117
Leut. Corkum, St. John I.	111
Leut. Ogilvie, Carleton	110
Leut. Ritchie, Summerside	103
Sergt. Bahman, Halifax	100
Leut. Ginnivan, St. John I.	100
Mrs. Adjt. Crichton, Hamilton	100
Sergt. Flood, Hamilton	100
Ensign Carter, New Glasgow	100
Capt. Murthough, St. John V.	95
Adjt. Byers, Charlottetown	92
Mrs. Ensign Knight, St. John I.	92
Capt. Hebb, Hamilton	90
Mrs. Adjt. Cooper, Fredericton	85
E. Tatum, Moncton	85
Adjt. Cooper, Fredericton	80
Mrs. Adjt. Hunter, St. George's	76
Sister Brewer, Halifax I.	76
Mrs. Carter, New Glasgow	76
Leut. Nugent, Summerside	75
Capt. Wyatt, Westville	75
Leut. Bruce, Westville	75
C.S. Bishop, Woodstock	70
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, St. John III.	70
Sergt. Jennings, St. George's	70
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	70
Capt. Leadley, Chatham	65
Adjt. Williams, Springfield	65
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	65
Capt. White, Truro	60
Leut. Thistle, Bridgewater	60
Capt. Bheary, Truro	60

Capt. Martin, Windsor	60
Capt. Green, Louisburg	55
Mrs. Capt. Hudson, Dominion	55
Lieut. Glibbant, Fairville	55
Sergt. Peckwood, St. George's	55
Lieut. Weasley, Liverpool	55
Capt. Macdonald, Liverpool	55
Capt. McWilliams, St. Stephen	55
Capt. Smith, Campbellton	50
Lieut. Newell, Sydney Mines	50
Adjt. Wiggins, Yarmouth	50
Lieut. Conrad, Sussex	50
Father Armstrong, St. John III.	50
Cadet A. McKervy, St. John III.	50
Sergt. Selig, Halifax I.	50
Sergt. Irons, Windsor	50
Lieut. McKim, Kentville	50
Lieut. McLennan, Bear River	45
Capt. Clark, Sackville	45
Lieut. Melkie, Whiteley	42
Capt. Clark, Whitney	42
Capt. Tiller, Newcasttle	40
Cand. Smith, Campbellton	40
Sergt. Dunlop, Glouce Bay	40
Ensign Parsons, North Sydney	40
P. S.-M. Ward, Charlottetown	40
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton	40
Sergt. Jones, Halifax	40
Mrs. Mathews, New Glasgow	40
Lieut. Parsons, Sackville	40

Sergt. Dodge, Hamilton	20
C. C. Tucker, St. John V.	20
S.-M. Kent, Bear River	20
Sergt. Taylor, Truro	20
Sergt. Murray, Windsor	20
Sergt. Church, Hamilton	20
Capt. Hagen, North Head	20
Capt. White, North Head	20
Capt. Pemberton, Annapolis	20
Capt. Mercer, Annapolis	20
Sergt. England, Chatham	20
Sergt. Pelley, Chatham	20
Lieut. Richards, Clark's Harbor	20
Capt. Lehan, Sydney Mines	20
Lieut. Newell, Sydney Mines	20
Sergt. Tili, Fredericton	20

West Ontario Province.

82 Hustlers.

Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	140
Mrs. Major Cooper, Brantford	132
Lieut. Yeomans, Petrolia	125
Mrs. Omar Nicol, Sarnia	120
Miss Emma McDougall, Goderich	100
Capt. Williams, Wallaceburg	90
S.-M. Tremblin, Listowel	80
Annie O'Donnell, Galt	80
Mrs. Knap, Ingersoll	80
Capt. Fenady, St. Thomas	80

J.S. S.-M. Southworth, Treadford	30
Capt. Woods, Essex	30
Lieut. Thompson, Essex	27
Lieut. Dickson, St. Thomas	25
Adjt. Scott, Sarnia	25
O.-C. Nellie Bates, Bothwell	25
Capt. Galt, Bothwell	25
Lieut. Anderson, Bothwell	25
Adjt. Cameron, Chatham	25
Mrs. Adjt. McHugh, Guelph	25
Lottie Christner, Petrolia	25
Dad Christner, Dresden	25
Rose Ellis, Dresden	25
Mrs. Cable, Stratford	25
Mrs. Capt. Hancock, Strathroy	25
Sec. Dreisinger, Hespeler	20
Capt. Yeomans, Woodstock	20
Mrs. Jordan, Chatham	20
Mrs. Keeley, Chatham	20
Mrs. Gasser, Chatham	20
Mrs. Sharp, Tilsonburg	20
C.-C. Mabel Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Capt. Sharp, Tilsonburg	20
Sister Shochard, Hespeler	20
Mrs. Rock, Hespeler	20
Capt. Bradt, Seaford	20
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	20
S.-M. Graham, Thamesville	20
Mrs. Weisley, Delhi	20
Bro. Musgrave, Wroclaw	20

Central Ontario Province.

74 Hustlers.

Capt. Gravett, Hamilton	250
Sergt. Matheson, Sudbury	150
Capt. Griffith, Owen Sound	116
Lieut. Crocker, Sault Ste. Marie	100
Lieut. Clark, Huroncourt	85
Mrs. Jones, Duncasville	80
Capt. Caradine, Newmarket	80
S.-M. Stander, Bridgeville	70
Sergt. Mofft, Riverside	65
Lieut. Weisley, Uxbridge	63
Capt. M. Stephens, Collingwood	62
Lieut. M. Porter, Collingwood	61
Sister Shochard, Hespeler St.	59
Lieut. Hudgin, Hamilton H.	57
Sergt. Slater, Barrie	56
P. S.-M. Small, St. Catharines	55
Lieut. Currell, Gravenhurst	55
Ensign Smith, Barrie	53
Cand. Nellie Glenville, Bowden	50
ville	50
Capt. Meader, North Bay	50
Lieut. Porter, North Bay	50
Louise Coy, Hamilton I.	50
Ensign Hyde, Riverside	50
Capt. Oke, Meaford	45
Lieut. Courtneane, Meaford	45
Mrs. Ensign Hanna, St. Catharines	44
Ensign Lott, Dundas	43
Sergt. Dickson, Dundas	40
Ensign Hanna, St. Catharines	40
Capt. Culbert, Orangeville	40
Lieut. Jones, Orangeville	40
Lieut. Minnie, Riverside	40
Capt. Brooks, Sturgeon Falls	38
Lieut. Agnew, Sturgeon Falls	37
S.-M. Woolrich, Parry Sound	35
J. McLennan, Parry Sound	35
Capt. Fynn, Brampton	35
P. S.-M. Donaldson, Lippincott	35
Lieut. Jago, Yorkville	35
Capt. Havel, Yorkville	35
Bro. Bramley, Hamilton II.	35
Lieut. Smith, St. Catharines	35
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	35
Sergt. Mrs. Phillips, Lisgar St.	32
Ensign Shaw, Midland	30
Capt. Huskinson, Midland	30
Capt. Marskell, Esther St.	30
Lieut. Sheppard, Barrie	30
Sergt. Fullbrook, Barrie	30
Ensign Stanger, Lindsay	28
Capt. Howard, Lindsay	25
Capt. Nelson, Kilmount	25
Lieut. Warren, Kilmount	27
Capt. McCann, Burk's Falls	25
Lieut. Dauberville, Burk's Falls	25
Capt. Miller, Burk's Falls	25
Lieut. Agnew, Brampton	25
S.-M. Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St.	25
S.-M. Mrs. Stewart, Lisgar St.	25
S.-M. McHenry, Lisgar St.	25
Adjt. Bato, Lisgar St.	20
Capt. Howard, Lindsay	20
Bro. Holson, Lindsay	20
Capt. J. Marshall, Brooklyn	20
S.-M. Boyer, Bracebridge	20
Bro. Sherwood, Collingwood	20
Capt. Cart, Cart, Bowmanville	20
Lily Case, Hamilton	20
Bro. Boyer, Bracebridge	20
Alce Odbery, Lippincott	20
Alma Clark, Lippincott	20
Sister Hutchison, Esther St.	20

The War Cry in the Western Dance Halls.

Mother Hooker, of Spokane, says: "Through selling the War Cry in saloons and dance halls I have had the joy of seeing two girls (sisters) leave the life of sin and shame they were living, and going back to their home. A poor girl in a dance hall in W— bought a War Cry from me on a Saturday night, and three days later came to me with tears in her eyes, saying, 'You remember selling me that War Cry on Saturday night? Well, I had no sooner taken that religious paper in my hand than I began to think of church, of home, and mother, and I went at once to my room and cried all night, and I have not been happy a moment since.' I pleaded with her to give up sin and turn to God, and saw her several times during the next two or three weeks, till finally she and her sister, who was living the same kind of a life there, became so miserable that they wrote to their mother telling her that if she would forgive them they would go back home and quit the life they were living for ever.

No sooner had the letter been received by the mother in her home in a distant coast city, than she took the train and came as quickly as possible to the place where her girls were, and had the joy of returning to her home with both her erring but repentant daughters. Saved through the War Cry."

Facts like the above are the best answer to those who say that the Western Dance Hall is an unfit place for our Army sisters to go with the War Cry—Staff-Capt. Taylor.

Mrs. Beck, Windsor	80
P. S.-M. Jackson, St. Thomas	75
Mrs. H. Lindsay, Strathroy	75
Mrs. Burton, Stratford	75
Mrs. Butts, London	75
Mrs. Kerawell, London	75
Capt. Malsey, Brantford	75
Ensign Brecht, Woodstock	65
P. S.-M. Schuster, Berlin	65
Maggie Wisson, Simcoe	65
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Wingham	60
Sarah Wakefield, Forest	55
Calista Slyer, St. Thomas	55
Sister St. George, Clinton	55
Mother Cutting, Essex	55
Sec. McDonald, Wingham	50
Capt. Dowell, Wingham	50
Capt. Pattenden, Palmerston	50
Capt. Hargrove, Simcoe	50
Mrs. Glover, Dresden	50
C.-C. Grace Cooper, Brantford	45
Emma Collier, Watford	45
Lieut. Davis, Wallaceburg	45
Capt. Barker, Blenheim	40
Capt. Hargrove, London	40
Capt. L. Pattenden, Palmerston	40
Lieut. Cook, Galt	40
Capt. Pickle, Galt	40
Lieut. McCall, Ridgetown	35
Capt. Hargrove, Ridgetown	35
Capt. Coy, Goderich	35
Sister Bryson, Petrolia	35
Mrs. Britton, Stratford	35
Capt. Hancock, Strathroy	35
Capt. Jaroson, Berlin	35
Lizette Gardie, London	30
Bella Beach, London	30
Miss Sadie Irwin, Paris	30
Capt. Horwood, Paris	30
Mrs. Stowbridge, Ingersoll	30
Mrs. Knap, Ingersoll	30
Thille Duckworth, Hespeler	30

43 Hustlers.

39 Hustiers.

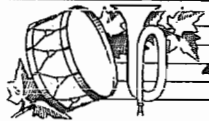
26. Hostlers.

32 Huslers.

(Girls.)

5. Hustle

The Commissioner will always be pleased to receive advice for any friends desiring to benefit the A. H. & A. C. foundation and will send them the necessary forms for their consideration.



Songs and Solos of the Week

BE AT PEACE.

By LIEU' FOLLEY.

Tune.—Annie Laurie.

1 Would you know the true enjoyment

Of a life at peace with God,
A heart set free from sinning,
A soul for heaven bound?
You can have this peace just now,
If you're willing to obey,
The voice of your loving Saviour
Says, "Come, and follow Me."

You say your sins are many,
Your life's been dark and vile.
Can it be true there's mercy
For one so full of guilt?
Yes, Jesus loves you still,
He died on Calvary
To complete a full redemption
For all eternity.

Jesus only is your refuge
From the awful curse of sin;
He will take away your heartaches,
And place His peace within:
He waits to light and crown
The lost ones coming home,
So full of love and pity,
How can you longer roam?

Then come while He is calling,
Come, whosoever will,
And prove with those who've ventured
That each promise He'll fulfill.
The time is passing by,
And the judgment's drawing nigh.
Oh, give your hearts to Jesus,
And reign with Him on high.

EXPERIENCE.

By MARY FURNES, Orillia.

Tune.—Happy day, happy day.

2 While sitting in an Army hall,
My heart was black and vile
With sin;
The Captain sang those touching
words
Which made my eyes somehow turn
dim.

Chorus.

Happy day, happy day

I knelt before the Lord that night,
And asked Him to forgive the past;
He washed me in His precious blood,
And now I'll follow to the last.

Now I sin His and He is mine,
He saved me and now my sins;
His love is more than tongue can tell,
My heart is glad and I can sing:

THE GLORIOUS CITY.

By S. CHURCH, St. George's, Ber.

Tune.—Old rustic bridge.

3 I was thinking one night
Of my soul's home, so bright,
And I seemed to see my kindred
waiting there;
Of every nation, every tongue,
They stood before the throne,
A pain of victory in their hands they
bear.

Chorus.

The light of God was shining,
And from the throne the living waters
flowed;

All the people gladly sang,
Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who did to bring us to this blessed
abode.

There I saw 'midst the throng,
Those who journeyed along,
The stormy way that leads to light
and life;
They counted all as loss,
No more hunger, no more thirst,
No more sorrow, no more curse,
For the pearly gates are open all
the day.

Should ye be on ruin's road,
I entreat you now to hold,
For Jesus waits to freely pardon you.
Come along and go with me,
That city fair to see,
And very soon its glories we shall
view.

Last Chorus.

For the light of God is shining,
And from the throne the living waters
flow;
All the people gladly sing,
Hallelujah to their King,
Oh, say, my brother won't you go?

Pharaoh hardened much his heart,
With God's people would not part,
Though the Lord sent Moses down
to set them free.
Joshua came and joined the band,
Led them to the promised land;
Pharaoh and his hosts were drown-
ed in the Red Sea.

See the Gideonites by night,
With their pitchers and a light,
Marching forth to make the stub-
born rebels yield.
'Twas the men of humble mind
Who had left their all behind,
Taking full possession of the battle
field.

When trials and pain do our pathway
obscure,
And winds of temptation blow cold
on life's moor,
How oft would we falter or fall by
the way
Unless God supplied us the grace for
each day.

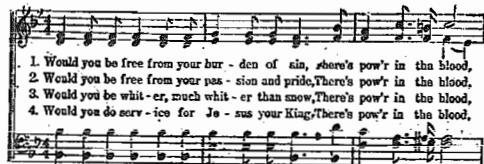
When fierce grows the battle for God
and the right,
And Satan assails us in onslaughts of
might,
How then could we stand for our God
in the fray
Unless He supplied us the grace for
each day?

When gathered the sheaves and our
labor all done,
Our last battle fought and the victory
won,
With hearts overflowing we'll rever-
ently say
Our God has supplied us the grace
for each day.

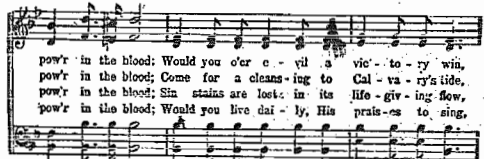
There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. H.

L. E. Jones.

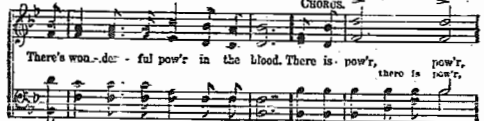


1. Would you be free from your bur- den of sin, there's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas- sion and pride, There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit- er, much whit- er than snow, There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv- ice for Je- sus your King, There's pow'r in the blood,

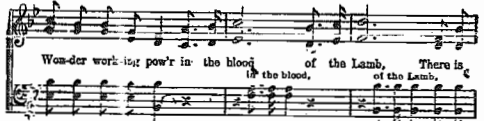


1. pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e- vil a vic- to- ry win,
2. pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans- ing to Cal- va- ry's tide,
3. pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life- giv- ing flow,
4. pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai- ly, His pris- on to sing,

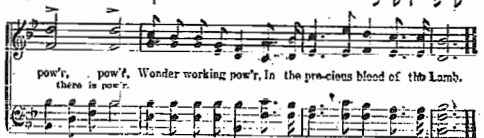
Chorus.



- There's won- der- ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, there is pow'r,



- Won- der working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is pow'r in the blood, of the Lamb,



- pow'r, pow'r, Wonder working pow'r, in the pre- cious blood of the Lamb, there is pow'r.

TRAMP, TRAMP.

By COLONEL LAWLEY.

Tune.—Shout, the boys are marching.

4 Round the walls of Jericho,
Blowing ram's horns as we go,
Anything we'll gladly do for
Jesus' sake.
Though the walls are high and strong,
They shall fall, and that ere long;
Every stronghold for our King we
mean to take.

Chorus.

Crash, crash, crash, the walls are
falling;
Crash, crash, crash, for this we've
striven;
We will blow another blast,
Each one louder than the last;
We'll keep fighting till Beelzebub
is driven.

GRACE FOR EACH DAY.

WM. RITCHIE, Toronto.

Tune.—Come join our Army, or,
Marching along.

5 How oft in our journey we trem-
blingly gaze
Far out on the future of mystery
and haze,
Our hearts filled with fear and our
souls with dismay,
Forgetting that grace is supplied for
each day.

Chorus.

Grace for each day, grace for each
day,
The Lord will supply us the grace for
each day;
His Word has the promise, it stand-
eth for aye,
That He will supply us the grace for
each day.

JESUS MY CROSS AND CROWN.

BY S. SMITH, Medicine Hat.

Tune.—If the cross we boldly (B.J.
53).

6 I have a Saviour up in Heaven,
Who came on earth to die;
To suffer death on Calvary's tree
He laid His glory by.

Chorus.

If the cross we boldly bear,
Then the crown we shall wear
When we dwell with Jesus there
In the bright forevermore.

Low in a manger He was born,
He came of humble birth;
To suffer death for you and me
He came down to this earth.

He is the One who saved me from
The power and guilt of sin;
He keeps me steadfast day by day,
And peace now reigns within.

The Father, Son and Holy Ghost—
These three are all in One;
And we have peace and joy and rest
In Christ, God's only Son.

Then let us all praise Him who died
This sinful world to free;
And praise Him, His wondrous love
Through all eternity.

MY BOY, COME BACK TO MOTHER.

Ey WM. RITCHIE, Toronto.

Tune.—When the pearly gates unfold
(B.J. 149).

7 I'm sad to-night, and lonely,
And my heart is sick with fear.
For I know the wily tempter
is winning my boy, so dear;
And the lips I have been teaching
To whisper words of prayer,
Do sin are now polluted,
And stained by wine and beer.

Chorus.

My boy, come back to mother,
Her heart goes out to you,
And her love is still as tender,
As when first its care you knew.

He says the world is moving,
And I am out of date,
My very pious notions
Are twenty years too late;
But, oh, I wish, with weeping,
For the older days low gone,
When manhood found its treasure
In the good old Book alone.

From the wine, and cards, and dan-
cing,
And wrongs that are up-to-date,
I pray for my boy's deliverance
It will be too late,
Before the vile temptations of Satan,
Though clothed in decent dress,
They draw my boy from Jesus,
And make his soul transgress.